AS IS

A BOOK of MISCELLANEOUS REVELATIONS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

John Held Jr.

BY

HENRY WILLIAM HANEMANN

PRESENTED FOR THE

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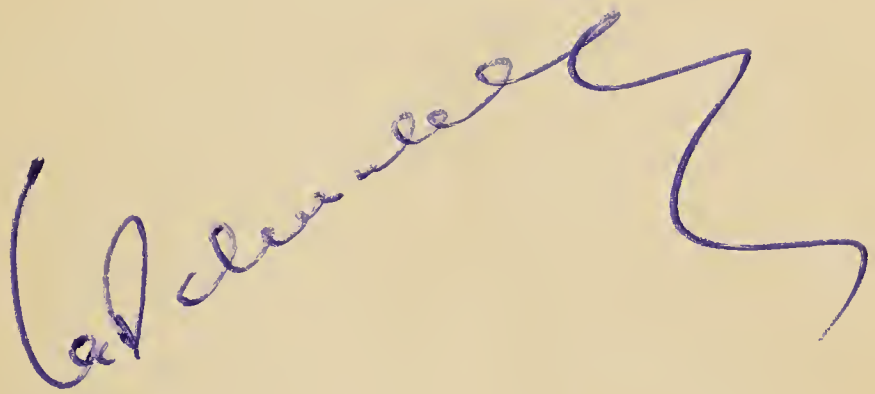
2023



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AS IS

"Willya lookita crossinerrands!"

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A Book of Miscellaneous Revelations

BY

HENRY WILLIAM HANEMANN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

JOHN HELD, JR.

NEW YORK

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

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AS IS

Christmas Should Be for Children

"CHRISTMAS," James remarked to me, apropos of nothing, "should be for children."

Whether you want to argue about it or not, James is my wife's given name. I gave it to her.

"As long as you don't apply the converse of that, my dear," said I, "I'm with you. Whose children?"

"Mrs. Lynt's. She and I had a long talk, and we agreed—"

"It occasionally happens."

"Don't be funny. We both agreed that Christmas time should be devoted to one's children. She's been making wonderful plans for Teddy Lynt and little Effie and the baby—"

"The mischief she has!" I exclaimed. "Is she going to have a tree?"

"She thought of that, at first. But a tree would clutter up the place so, she said. What with everybody running in and out for one thing and another, and wanting to dance to those new records, and the Lynts' living-room not being so *very* large—"

"Not so *very* shaggy," I said.

"Please don't be funny. Much as she liked the idea of a tree, she had to give it up. Then she wanted to give a children's party Christmas Eve. But she has already asked a number of persons over for Christmas Eve. She couldn't possibly do both."

"Not possibly," I murmured.

"She had to give up *that* idea. She thought of giving them a stocking surprise Christmas morning. But she knows she'll never be able to get up Christmas morning—"

"If she did get up," I suggested, "she'd surprise not only the children, but herself, Ed Lynt, the cook, the waitress—"

"You're *not* funny," decided James. "And of course you know she's been invited to the Van Vulps' for Christmas dinner. . . ."

"Of course," I agreed. "Consequently, any idea of turning over the golden hours of Christmas morning and afternoon to Teddy, little Effie and the baby has also had to be reluctantly relinquished."

"It has," agreed James. "And Marge feels terribly about it, too."

"What about Christmas night?" I asked. "What

idea did Marge have for Christmas night that she had to give up?"

"Have you forgotten? Everybody is coming here, Christmas night, for supper. Ed Lynt is going to bring over his drum and traps."

"Is he?"

I groaned in prospective agony.

"We talked it all over for a long time, and it did look as if Marge, in the rush of Christmas preparations, had forgotten all about Teddy, little Effie and the baby."

"Didn't it, though?" I assented, amiably.

"But once she decides, Marge Lynt isn't a person to let anything stop her. Christmas, she says, should be devoted to the happiness of one's children. It is their natural right to expect the best of good times and to get it. And they *will* get it, she says. Marge says she's going to give them a real, old-fashioned Christmas, with a tree, and stockings, and games, and candy, and cake and loads and loads of presents. . . ."

"In the name of all miracles, *how?*" I asked.

"She's going to send them to her mother's," said James.

Yes, But How Is He?

A Mystery Play

(*The scene shows the parts, surrounding the telephones, of two separate dwellings.*)

MAUDE: Hello! . . .

BETTY: Hello—Maude?

MAUDE: My dear, I'm so glad to hear your voice—

BETTY: I called up to find out how your husband—

MAUDE: My dear, I've had the most terrible time. I'm nearly crazy. . . . I've been scurrying around, working my head off—and I haven't had a decent night's rest—

BETTY: Yes, but how is your husb—

MAUDE: My dear, let me tell you. The very day he said he didn't feel well, Wednesday afternoon it was, I had the dressmaker. And he came home about half-past two, and there we were, simply *swamped,* my dear, in material—and I had to send

her away, and Heaven only knows when I can get her again—

BETTY: Yes, but—

MAUDE: And I was going to have the most stunning evening dress—orchid, my dear, cut very low—

BETTY: Yes, but George—

MAUDE: Let me tell you. You know how busy the doctors are . . . and nurses! . . . Nurses are virtually impossible to get. Well, the very next day cook said she would have to have a raise with all that extra trouble, and the nurse said she wouldn't eat with cook, and that offended cook, and so what did she do but say she was going to leave; and for all I could do, she did leave. And so I've been doing the cooking, . . . and little Alice is *such* trouble . . . and—

BETTY: Yes, but your husband, how is—

MAUDE: And I know George feels just terribly, to think of all the bother I'm put to, and that makes me feel badly. Though, of course, I really don't mind—I think a wife should be ready to stand by her husband and help him, no matter what happens.

BETTY: Yes, but how is he?

MAUDE: Although, I'll probably get sick or some-

thing myself, and I *know* I'll have to go to Atlantic

"I called up to find out how your husband—"

City or Lakewood, because, my dear, I'm a positive wreck—I look *ghastly;* I can't eat; I haven't had

more than eight hours' sleep a night since that Wednesday afternoon the dressmaker was here—Minnie Fish—you know—and I had to give up the

"Let me tell you."

Andersons' party—and they give *such* parties—and—

BETTY: Yes, yes, yes! But how is George?

MAUDE: Oh, George? Well, it was really George

who suggested it. He's even suggested that I go to Florida. But you know how impossible it is to get any reservations in Florida. I don't feel a bit well, Betty, not a bit. I was thinking of telegraphing mother to come and stay with me—

BETTY (*making her last attempt*): But George—*George?*

MAUDE: Because I don't know how much longer I can hold out. The house is in a terrible condition, and what with running up and down stairs and going after errands and trying to clean up a little and answering the doorbell, I really am exhausted, my dear, exhausted. And that's how it is.

BETTY: I see, that's how it is.

MAUDE: That's how it is. I'm a total ruin, Betty. . . .

BETTY (*hastily*): Well, do take care of yourself, dear. Good-bye.

MAUDE: Oh, I shall; I shall. Good-bye, dear. Thank you so much for asking about George.

The Fatal Lure of the Whim-Wham

I WANTED to get some shoe laces. I was in a hurry. As I considered the problem, the familiar red front of a national institution assailed my consciousness with a promise of instantaneous service and the guarantee of a fixed price and a probable selection that would prove highly satisfactory.

Consequently, I entered the five-and-ten-cent store. An exhalation of scented soap assailed me, followed by wave on wave of other odors—stale crackers, incense, cotton print, shoe polish. . . .

The glitter of the jewelry counter caught my eye. The rings *were* amusing—not shoe laces, surely, but—ah, here was a remarkable imitation of a diamond marquise that Doris had craved but yesterday. Awaiting my turn, I purchased the ring. How Doris would laugh!

Hammers, and so cheap! I needed a hammer. I bought one, after using it strenuously to attract the attention of the baroness in charge.

Up and down the aisles I passed, the trade of a

varied world exposed before my eyes. I saw woolen socks and picture frames, sheet music and rubber balls, ouija boards, hat forms, baby dresses, iron bolts, glue, camphor balls, nail files, necklaces, sponges, bone buttons, leather soles, ice-cream cones, coat hangers—and pencils. I cannot resist pencils. I bought several. Why not? They were cheap enough. I also bought a phial of horrible perfume (I love to see Doris laugh), a handy map of the city, a bandanna handkerchief, a small phonograph record, a picture puzzle, some jelly beans (a passion retained from childhood), a package of cotton waste and several diminutive volumes of Shakespeare, Thoreau and Kipling. I plunged myself into an orgy of spending—at ten cents the orge. I debauched myself with salted peanuts, crash towelling, nails, a pumice stone, a tin whistle, a watch fob—everything but the shoe laces, which for some reason I was unable to discover.

Perhaps they were downstairs? Downstairs I went forthwith. My mood became one of expansiveness. Still looking for the shoe laces, I bought some curtain rings, a floating celluloid fish, a kewpie doll (made of soap), a lace cap, an address book

to hang on the telephone, a Japanese paper weight for Uncle Henry, a set of postal cards to send to Aunt Margaret who was in California, a toy revolver

I wanted to get some shoe laces.

for nobody in particular and a shoe brush. All this took considerable time.

I looked at my watch. Heavens! Not a moment to spare. In fact I had several moments to make

up. Pursued by the clatter of dishes from the adjacent lunch counter, I rushed back to the ground floor, my pockets bulging, the waste under my arm, the celluloid fish rattling against the diamond marquise, the hammer thumping upon my hip and the odor of the soap doll trailing behind me.

Into the street I rushed, passing neckties and cigarette holders, earrings, safety matches, compasses, paper flowers, typewriter erasers, thumb tacks, fruit syrup, Chinese tassels and plant bulbs that beckoned to me with a mute and modest appeal. But I had no time for them.

I wanted to get some shoe laces. . . .

Excessively Successful

When Whelk's crisp, certain tones came to me over the wire, I was thrilled. When he told me that he—Whelk—wanted me to go over an article he had written and "put some jazz into it" (his very words) I was elated, though apologetic. But when he offered to come to my office, gracefully yielding his available time to my available time, I had to borrow the Business Manager's secretary to sew back two buttons on my waistcoat. Whelk, you see, is a successful man.

Being a successful man, Whelk arrived on the dot. I made him comfortable—as comfortable as a successful man can be made. Even as he sat by my desk I could feel him straining onward to greater and higher things.

I began reading his article. He wrote as only a successful man will write. But I read on. While I read, he chafed.

"Have you a pencil?" he asked at last.

I gave him my pencil. Yet he continued to chafe. "Can I use your telephone?" he asked again.

"Certainly," I replied. Indeed, I had perfect confidence in his ability.

The perfection of my confidence was not assailed for one fleeting moment. He undoubtedly could and did use the telephone. While I finished reading his

Whelk, you see, is a successful man.

article and started messing up the margin of the manuscript, he used that telephone like a rich uncle. Without asking further permission, he borrowed the telephone book and called people in places that Rand-McNally never heard of. He called and recalled. In between calls, he borrowed another pencil

and my fountain pen. He took out a packet of letters and borrowed stamps for them. He borrowed a handful of paper clips and another of rubber bands. He also borrowed some letter paper.

Finally—he was putting through a call for Kansas City—I stabbed out six random words on the last five pages of his article, and as I handed it to him I guilelessly pushed the telephone out of his way. It was crude, but effective.

He read over my changes and declared himself content. Then he borrowed a cigarette—and a match. Dropping the box of matches into the same pocket with my two pencils, fountain pen, stamps, paper clips and rubber bands, he took himself off, the very spit and image of a successful man.

* * *

I'm not sure, but I think I have a faint idea of what constitutes the chief ingredient of Whelk's formula for proficiency. And the other evening, Bream spoke to me of Whelk, at the club.

"Bright chap, Whelk," he said, "amazingly bright. He ought to be crowned with success."

"He ought to be . . . crowned," I agreed.

Libelous Labels

It had to do with a new hat. It wasn't so much the hat itself, you understand, but the principle of the thing, principally the principal.

"James," I said (my wife is slowly growing accustomed to my chosen name for her), "a chapeau to adorn your brow, a simple matter is to thou, but oh, the difference to me!"

"Well, I have to have one, don't I?"

"Most assuredly. But think of what we both go through for it. And after you've put it on and adjusted it, and readjusted it, and poked it and pulled it, right next to you in the Fifth Avenue bus is a woman with another hat."

"Do you expect me to secure a monopoly of hat-wearing?" asked James.

"Not at all. But your hat's intrinsic value is often out of all reasonable proportion. How does the world know *how* I was able to get it? For all it knows, for all you know, I may have held somebody up—"

"Which you probably did," said James. "And I'll bet I can tell you his first, second and last names."

"—and furthermore, you are constantly subjected to competition with women whose new-hat ratio, honest or dishonest, is four, six, eight to your one."

"Well," scoffed James, "what would you do about it?"

"James," I said solemnly, "I'd label the bonnets. And on the labels would be the concise truth about their *raison d'être.*"

"Ridiculous," said James, who is fast becoming a model wife.

"As you will. Still, if the woman beside you in the bus was wearing a bird of paradise ticketed 'Result of consistent short weighing in the shop of A. Bloomberg, Butcher, month ending August 31, 1923,' what would you do?"

"I'd change my seat—and remove my account from Bloomberg's. But that's idiotic."

"So be it. Nor are my labels restricted to hats. Farther on you'd see what all women call 'a duck of a dress.' What price your covetousness on learning that 'This frock obtained by two attacks of hysteria

and one severe tongue-lashing'? Ha! I should say so!"

"Rags were royal raiment—" murmured James.

"I've a new hat."

"And think of your own labels," I cried, encouraged. "Hat—combination of observing high-priced model and low-priced advertisements of raw material. Gown—two packages of dye; lace edging

from discarded petticoat; native ingenuity to suit taste—"

"And be surrounded by a sympathetic group telling me what a brute my husband was. Superfluous information, anyway," cried James. "I take it, then, you won't stand me a hat?"

"I'm sorry—" I began, but James considered the incident closed.

Next evening, when I returned around dinner time, James greeted me amiably. "Hello," she said casually. "We've had some bridge and I've a new hat," and she brought it forth for my inspection.

"But what's the idea of the label?" I asked.

"Your own, darling," replied James. "The truth, or nothing."

And she read its accusing message: " 'My husband, having refused to support me decently, I won this twelve-dollar hat by leading out of the wrong hand.' "

One Touch of Nature

For once, James and I were entirely in accord. She had suggested the forest gambol and I had eagerly accepted. Wasn't I equally at home in the woodsy glen as in a movie theater of the better sort? I was. For all they knew, Daniel Boone and Sir Robert Baden-Powell had me on their mailing list.

For a while, nothing at all happened. The sun shone, the birds sang, the trees leaved and the brambles brambled. Then James noticed a bit of a yellow flower I was twirling between irresponsible fingers.

"Ah," she said, "what have you there?"

"That," I replied ever so gently, "is a *geum strictum,* a species common from Newfound—"

"Not really?" she remarked. "How peculiar."

"Not at all," I reassured her. "It's a very common flower—"

"Called *potentilla canadensis,*" she supplemented. "Outside of that, you're quite right."

"My dear," I said, "you don't understand. This

is a *geum strictum*—or perhaps you know it as a yellow avens."

"I certainly do not know it as a yellow Evans,"

"My dear, you don't understand. This is a *geum strictum*."

said James. "Nor as a red O'Hara, nor as a pink McPherson. Nor even as a brown Derby," she added gratuitously. "The name of your flower, dear

lad, is *potentilla canadensis,* or common cinquefoil."

"Rot, James," I replied affectionately, "it's a yellow avens. Look at the root leaves."

"What about them?"

"Can't you see they are interruptedly pinnate and the segments are wedge-shaped and toothed?"

"Well, what of it?" asked James. She had me there.

"The trouble with you," continued James with that quick intuition that has endeared her to me, "is that somebody once told you about a yellow Jones and you probably think any yellow flower from a buttercup to a chrysanthemum is it. Assuming that there *is* such a thing as a yellow Owens—"

"Avens."

"*This* flower is a cinquefoil. I was brought up to know and call it a cinquefoil. I was brought up—"

"Yes, dear," I replied hastily. If you had heard as many times as I have of the German Fraülein, the French Mademoiselle and the seventeen assorted Southern mammies that brought James up, you'd be hasty yourself. "Perhaps," I suggested, hating myself as I did it, "we just have different names for the same thing."

"That's obvious, you idiot," replied James. "As a matter of fact, you don't know a thing about the names of these simple field flowers, no, not nearly as much as—as that hind, coming along the path."

"Is his name Hind?" I asked, looking at the approaching laborer. "Do you know him, too?"

"Ninny!" replied James. "He, at least, is *en rāpport* with his medium, *he* merges with his surroundings. What's more, I'll wager he knows this is a cinquefoil."

"All right," I said, "I'll ask him."

"No, you won't either, smarty," said James. *"I'll* ask him." That settled *that.*

James poked the flower under the laborer's nose. "My good man," she said sweetly, "could you tell me the name of this little flower?"

Her good man took my little flower and looked at it. "This?" he said. "This ain't got no name. This here ain't nothin' but a — — weed." And he threw it down and crushed it into the soft earth with a vigorous heel.

We walked on. The birds sang, the sun shone, the trees leaved and the brambles brambled. James

didn't say a word. It was I who interrupted the sweet wild symphony.

"James," said I, "isn't Nature wonderful?"

"Oh, shut up!" replied James pettishly without any consideration whatever for her German Fraülein, her French Mademoiselle and her seventeen assorted Southern mammies.

* * *

And, hang it all, I *know* it was a yellow avens.

The Telephone

A Lesson in New Yorkese

"HULLO . . . zatchu, Mae?"

"Hullo . . . hooisut?"

"Cha guess?"

"Smac, aintit?"

"Gawan, cha doin', tryin' takimme?"

"Ooh, sgawge! Hullo hon, howarya?"

"Finesilk. Howsmuh sweetie?"

"Finesilk. Cha want, hon?"

"Chagot annythin on tanight?"

"Oooh Gawge, you cuttout at rough stuff!"

"Say, cha tryinta hamme? Cha doin tanight—huh?"

"Aw, Idunno. Cha wannado?"

"Aw, Idunno. Wanna takeina movie?"

"Aw, nowidont. I'm sickintiuda movies, Gawge."

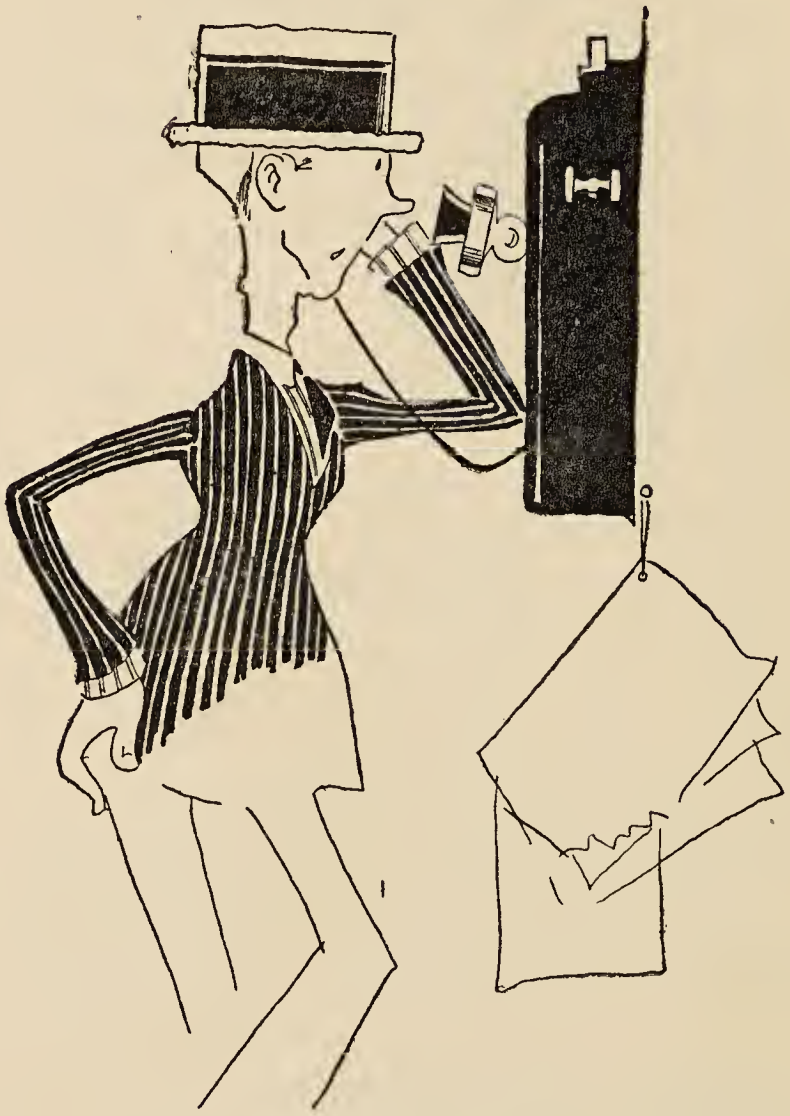
"Wellen, cha wannado? Annythin yasay, kid."

"Ooh Gawge, I know waless do. Lesgo ta real show . . ."

"Naw. I dawanna gota no show."

"Fagunness sakes! Why not?"

"Aw, stoo hot. Stoo hot ta dance, too."



"Hullo . . . zatchu, Mae?"

"Wellen, whadda *you* sugges, britize?"

"Aw, Idunno . . . sumpin . . ."

"What?"

"Idunno . . ."

"Well, spillit, willya? I cant stannatta phone all night waitin fayou tamakeup ya mine. Wassa ideeyah?"

"Hullo . . . hooisut?"

"Wassat? Cha tryin ta starsumpin, arya?"

"Say, lissen. Iyaint cryin fano dates. Youwainta only sealion aroun is iceboig, youwaint. Ican gemme another date, Ican. Chu worry. . . ."

"Steptoit, babe. Iyaint worryin. . . ."

. . .

"Say, Mae . . ."

. . .

"Mae, Ibe upparoun eighta clock, huh?"

"Oh, wi sapposeso. Buttiwarnya, Gawge—I'm gowan out. Iyaint gonna setaroun on no sofa, Iyaint."

"Awri . . . chusez, goes."

"Aw, Gawge . . ."

"Ibe upparoun eighta clock, en?"

"Yeah, you be up. Aroun eighta clock, makeit."

"Yeah, eighta clock. Mabea little afta."

"Awri. Cha fagget, ya bad boy."

"Aw gawan. Goo-bye, sweetie."

"Goo-bye, hon. Eightaclock it is."

"Sezyou. . . ."

"SezI. . . . Yahoid me! Goo-bye, dearie."

"Goo-bye, hon."

The Internal Swiss Works

Bates and I Review the Cisalpine Situation

"WELL," said Bates, rushing up to me in the grill with outstretched bottle, "where have *you* been?"

"Switzerland," I replied. It was a dirty lie. But most of my friends are forever returning from Russia or Mexico or Ireland or Hollywood. So you see how it was.

"Well—well—well," said Bates, dragging me over to a table. "And how is old Switzerland?"

"She's in a bad way," I said solemnly. (They all say that.) "The chamois herders have broken with the yodelers."

"No, no," exclaimed Bates, "not that!"

"Yes," said I, "just that. The hardy sons of—"

"Careful!" admonished Bates.

"—of nature, having always exercised the free-born prerogative of yodeling when, where and how they pleased, resented the demand that they join the Swiss Musicians' Union formed by the professional yodelers, zither-players and bell ringers."

"Should think they would," said Bates. "Art for Art's sake."

"The ill-feeling has run so high that the herders are deserting the herds and secretly mobilizing in the fastnesses of the Alps."

"There's a lot to be said on both sides," observed Bates, whose curse is political economy.

"Oh," said I. "Wait, you haven't heard the worst: The chamois, left to themselves, are rapidly returning to a wild state."

"So am I," said Bates. "Have some more Scotch."

"With a decreasing number of chamois available, the two foremost industries of Switzerland are threatened—the milk-chocolate business and the manufacture of Swiss cheese."

"Speaking of cheese," said Bates, "have some more Scotch."

"The cheese interests are paying the old-time Jägerbunds to round up the demoralized herds and are encouraging them to shoot down the more unprincipled leaders right and left. Bates, my boy, have you ever noticed the similarity between *käse* and *kaiser?* The entire affair has a suspicious look of militarism. 'Snasty."

" 'Sfierce," agreed Bates, "drink up!"

"What's more," I continued after a slight pause, "the cuckoo-clock makers aren't speaking to the wrist-watch artists. They're jealous because more people want wrist-watches than cuckoo-clocks, these days."

"On 'count smaller 'partments," volunteered Bates. " 'Nother drink?"

We drank. There must have been something the matter with the Scotch, because I got lower and lower in my mind.

"Bates," I said after a while, "there you are. Think of it! Nice ol' country 'f Willy Tell sittin' on edge volcano likely to bust out in internal strife any minute . . ."

"Boo-hoo-hoo," said Bates in a disingenuous fashion.

"An'—an', Bates," said I, "the wood carvers. They're not saying a thing but—but they're sharpening their knives . . ."

"Them—those—they too? It's—it's the new Red dawn," sobbed Bates brokenly.

"An'—an', Bates, when I left S-Swissalan', I could see out on Lake Lucerne, sig-sig-significant black

smoke coming from all three funnels Swiss—Swiss navy. *Black* smoke, Bates, *black* . . ."

But the salt of Bates's sympathetic tears was rap-

"Bill, this is a helluva worl' . . . "

idly disintegrating the ice in his glass. In utter melancholy we finished the bottle. "Bill," said Bates to me, "this is a helluva worl' . . ."

* * *

Even so, it is better than Bates's Scotch.

Men, My Brothers . . .

College societies are a great thing for the undergraduate. Neither should they be neglected nor put aside when a man is an alumnus. That's what I thought when I found my old Wok-Wok Society badge while hunting for a back collar button. I put it on and came down to breakfast.

"What is this," asked James; "male vanity or a sudden reversion to college days?" James, as I may have mentioned before, is my name for the Little Woman.

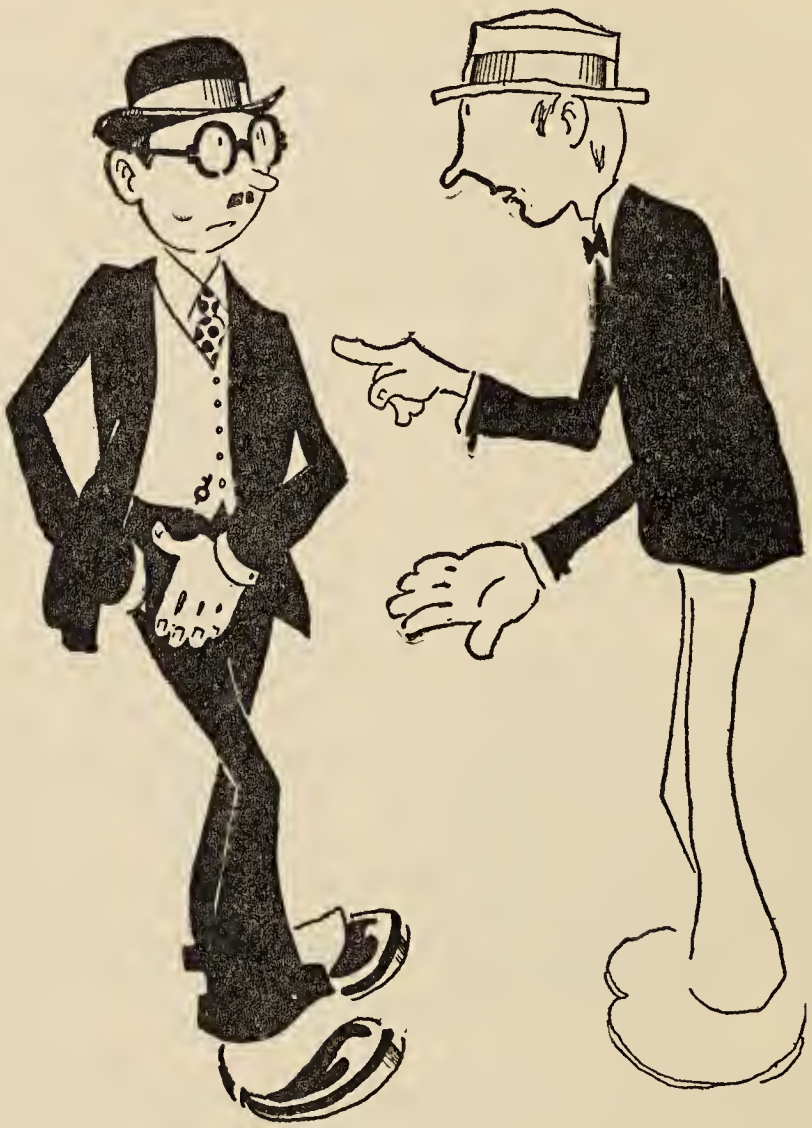
"My dear," I answered, "why shouldn't I wear the pin? Once a Wok-Wok, always a Wok-Wok." And I departed, proud to announce the fact to the world.

The first bit of the world to heed the announcement was a particularly seedy-looking brother who eagerly established his claims beyond all doubt. He let me off with a dollar.

The second was a little more spectacular. "Ah," said it, or he, "I see you are a Wok-Wok."

"I am," I stated. "Are you?"

"No," he answered, "I'm a Goof, and I'm decidedly out of luck."



"I see you are a Wok-Wok."

"You are," I agreed, making the natural association.

"You don't understand me," said he. "I have just blown in from Kokomo, and I had my pocket

picked in the station. I don't know a soul. Could you lead me to any of my brother Goofs? Do you know any Goofs?"

I knew lots of Goofs. But at that moment I couldn't recall the name of one of them. It took me an hour of research work *via* telephone, a handful of nickels and Heaven knows how much of my reserve stock of patience to direct him to a possible Goof. Considerably overdue, I arrived at the office.

"Man waiting to see you," announced the siren at the outside desk.

"Show him in," said I, "and stand by with the stretcher."

They dragged him in. I forget what it was he wanted to sell me—books or insurance, or something. I remember I was deriving much joy from steadily refusing him, when I suddenly noticed a fatal gleam in his eye. He was looking at my pin.

"You're a Wok-Wok," he exclaimed delightedly. "I'm brother Hoozis from the Whoosh!"

He gained his point. Furthermore, to the utter abandonment of the morning's routine, the brother from the Whoosh Wok-Wokked until luncheon time.

Then he dragged me over to the Wok-Wok club for luncheon.

After three hours I escaped, slightly dazed. But not before I had joined the club, subscribed various sums to three or four excellent Wok-Wok causes and pledged my support to five or six others. When we entered the club, I was hailed as a prodigal. I also doubled (in hard-earned brass) as the accompanying fatted sacrifice.

In the course of the afternoon my pin was identified by two more Wok-Woks, another Goof and a Kappa Bohokus. The remainder of a perfect working day was spent in complete capitulations to their several interests.

On the way home I found the first unfortunate Goof lying in wait for me. He had been wretchedly unsuccessful. As one society man to another—five dollars, he said, would tide him over until he heard from his Kokomo bank. I was saved from further financial embarrassment by a passing taxicab.

Once home, I rushed inside to James and embraced her. Feverishly I unpinned the Wok-Wok badge from my anguished waistcoat and transferred

it to her modish blouse. "What does this mean?" she asked suspiciously.

"My dear," said I, "college societies are a great thing—for the undergraduate. From now on, henceforth and forever after, *you're* a Wok-Wok."

One of these days, James says, I'm going to call her one harsh name too many, and then she *will* go back to her mother.

Behind the Veil

A Spirited Spiritist Drama

(*Scene: The inner shrine of a spiritist medium.*)

THE MAN: Are you a spiritualist?

THE MEDIUM: I am a spiritist.

THE MAN: I want to ask you a question.

THE MEDIUM: Speak.

THE MAN: How do you find things?

THE MEDIUM: Business is rot— (*Catching herself.*) Sir, do I understand you wish to find something?

THE MAN (*eagerly*): I want to find my gold-handled umbrella—

THE MEDIUM: It is well. Have you some one in the spirit world?

THE MAN: My little niece, Eva—

THE MEDIUM: It is quite well. I shall endeavor to bring little Eva to you. Let me remind you that

my fee—for I must subsist—is five dollars, and, as I shall enter into a trance state, that I presume you to be a gentleman. (*She enters into a trance state.*)

THE MAN (*nervously*): All I want to know is where I put my gold-handled umbrella—

THE MEDIUM (*in a hoarse, male voice*): Napoleon Bonaparte speaking.

THE MAN (*somewhat awed*): How do you do?

NAPOLEON: I am well. I am happy. I am well and happy. I am very happy—and well. Eva wants to talk to you.

THE MAN: I *must* find my umbrella.

THE MEDIUM (*in a strange female voice*): Queen Elizabeth speaking.

THE MAN (*more nervously than before*): How do you do? Do *you* know? . . .

QUEEN ELIZABETH: I am well. I am very well and very happy. I am *quite* well. Od's whiskers—

SPIRIT VOICES: Hello! Here's your party. Number, please! Hello! Hello—long distance!

THE MEDIUM (*in the thin, clear voice of a child*): Hello, Uncle Tom!

THE MAN: Goodness, it's Little Eva! How are you, child?

LITTLE EVA: Oh, I'm well. And *so* happy. We are all well and happy.

"It is happy. It is quite well and happy."

THE MAN: Have you seen my umbrella?

LITTLE EVA: Yes.

THE MAN (*excited*): Where is it, child?

LITTLE EVA (*confidentially*): I'm going to heaven, Uncle Tom. I am so happy.

THE MAN: All right, Little Eva. But my umbrella. Where, oh, where is my umbrella?

LITTLE EVA (*as though she had not told him before*): I'm going to heaven, Uncle Tom.

THE MAN: All *right,* Little Eva. But my umbrella—where is it? Do you know?

LITTLE EVA: Oh, yes.

THE MAN: Where?

LITTLE EVA: I am happy. I am quite well. I am *so* happy. I am going to heaven, Uncle Tom.

THE MAN (*tensely*): All right, Little Eva. (*There is a long silence, during which the man and the medium vie for control.*)

LITTLE EVA (*recommencing*): Oh, Uncle Tom! . . .

THE MAN (*fervently*): What?

LITTLE EVA: I'm going to heaven. . . . I'm *in* heaven. Your umbrella is here. It is well. It is happy. It is quite well and happy.

(*Curtain.*)

It's All in the System

JAMES was seated at the telephone, her mouth puckered into a pout. It is my duty—so James informs me—inasmuch as everybody has been thanked for the wedding presents, to keep her happy. Consequently, I hastened to inquire into the meaning of the pout.

"What have I done now?" I asked meekly.

"Idiot!" she answered affably, "you haven't done anything. I've been trying to telephone to this fool clerk for half an hour and he *won't* understand, and I keep repeating and repeating, and I imagine I'll eventually go cra—"

"Stop!" I exclaimed, after the best manner of a traffic policeman. "Heaven forfend! What is it you want?"

"A top," said James. "A glass top for the percolator. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"James, my child," I remarked blandly, "of course it is. Dry your pretty eyes and send back the strait-waistcoat. By the means of a trifling little system I

picked up from somewhere, I shall make your desire known to the fool clerk. Listen carefully, and most likely you will be able to do as much in the future yourself."

"Ha!" said James noncommittally, but she gave me the telephone.

"Attention!" I shouted through the telephone, and had the pleasure of hearing the presumably startled clerk's heels click. "What the lady wants is a glass top for a percolator. . . . P for Paris, e for eel, r for Russia, c for candy, o for ocean, l for liar, a for able, t for trance, o for only, r for rattle. . . . A-glass-top-for-a-percolator. Do you get it?"

"Absolutely," he shouted back, and, as if to prove how sincere he was, he promptly rang off.

Triumphantly I looked over at James. "How's that for a system?" I asked.

For once, James had nothing whatever to say.

Next morning at breakfast James opened one of her letters and with a peculiar expression handed it to me. I read it.

"Dear Madam [it said]: Clerk 14456 reports an extraordinary order over the telephone from you or from some one using your name and address. As

Clerk 14456 has some knowledge of shorthand, he was able to record the order verbatim. The order follows:

"H for horse, a for apple."

" 'I want a grass plot for a tpro(?)-kp(?). T for tariff, p for peel, r for rusher, s for sandy, o for ocean, hell for liars (?), k for cable, p for prance, h for homely, tar for brittle (?).'

"We beg to state that we do not carry grass plots,

not to mention any of the other articles. Will you please advise us?"

The gale of laughter that followed was indubitably unladylike.

"James!" I said sternly, "you forget yourself!"

"Oh . . . oh!" she gasped. "H for horse, a for apple; h for horse, a for apple." And she continued muttering this formula rapidly.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Ha-ha!" she explained. "I'm laughing at you!"

At times it becomes painfully apparent that in some things James is decidedly lacking.

On Meeting an Acquaintance

A Second Lesson in New Yorkese

"Well—fathaluvvamike, Mae! Watta*you* doin' here?"

"Oh, Idunno; wattayou doin'?"

"Same thing syou, I betcha. Ha-ha!"

"Ho-ho!"

"Say, Mae, howsya sweetie?"

"Say, lissen, Peg—himmin me sfinished."

"Smatter—youanim avvarow—didja?"

"You seddit. Heyaint gonna cumma myshack an call me no goldigger, heyaint."

"Ooh, gee! Dee callya one? Ohtha fresh thing!"

"Fresh sright. All I askim howde likea blowme tapaira satin kicks."

"Whadee say?"

"Hesez, 'Kid,' hesez, 'yasome goldigger. Chevva thinka takinacure fatha gimmies?' "

"Fathaluvvamike! Whatju do?"

"Say, lissen. I gossomad I tookis coatanhat ri

toffena rack an hannem toum. Heyaint gonna call me no goldigger. . . ."

"Chu be sorefa guy callja goldigger?"

"Ooh gee, wuzzee sore?"

"I'll sayeewuz."

"Ooh Mae, whadee do?"

"Eejus grabsislid an beatsitoff. Iyaint seenim

since. Butee yaint gonna call me no goldigger. . . ."

"Gooddriddance—hunh, kid?"

"Oh, Idunno. Hewuz kina cute. I guessafeel kina blue aboutit. Butee yaint gonna call me no goldigger. . . ."

"Acourse heyaint. Say, ainat Harryanjoe downa block?"

"Where? Oh yeah, surets Harryanjoe. Yoo-hoo, Harryanjoe! Yoo-hoo!"

"Say, Peg, les makem blowusa sodanan takeusup onna bus."

"You seddit. Common, doncha givva rap fya sweetie, Mae."

"Well, heyaint gonna call me no goldigger. Iyaint no goldigger. . . ."

"Acourse youwaint. Say, dya think wecaget Harryanjoe tatakeusta dinner?"

"Sure! Leaveittamekid."

"Say, Peg . . ."

"Wattizit, deerie?"

"Chu be sorefa guy callja goldigger?"

The Still Small Gurgle

"See that man?" asked Gwathmey. "He's a prohibition agent."

"Oh!" I involuntarily clicked my teeth. "I remembered that the first time he was pointed out to me. I shall never forget it."

"Go on," said Gwathmey.

"It was a bottle of gin," I began, "needed badly to prime a particular dinner for a quick start. With the help of paper stuffing around the neck, I did the bottle up to look like—well, when I had it finished, it looked reasonably like a box of a hundred cigarettes. At least, I thought it did."

"Sounds most cheerfully possible," agreed Gwathmey.

"The surface car I boarded was crowded. I worked my way to the front platform. There was the gentleman whom you so kindly started to point out to me. He looked at me—casually, I suppose. I looked at him. I looked at him coldly, distantly, loftily. Sanctimoniously, even. I thought I was doing it extremely well until the car stopped, suddenly.

In the incomprehensible lull that followed, the package gave a small yet distinct gurgle. But he pretended he didn't notice it."

"Aha!"

"When I got off the car, he got off. He fell in behind me. In a cheerful stray-dogged manner, he tagged my footsteps, turning over in his scurrilous mind how best to approach me.

"I could sense the very line of argument going on inside his worthless cranium. 'That may be a box of cigarettes,' he was saying to himself, 'and again it may not. It *looks* like a box of cigarettes, very much so, and yet. . . .'"

"Yes, yes," said Gwathmey.

"I thought desperately. I had to save the gin. How would I act if the package were really a box of a hundred cigarettes? What would I do? And then I got my wild idea. One hundred cigarettes don't weigh anything. Therefore, I would pretend my package was light—as it should be. I would toss it playfully in the air!"

"Gosh!" breathed Gwathmey in admiration.

"That would decide him once and for all. I took a deep breath. High in the air went the bottle of

gin. Already half-convinced, Blue Law stopped where he stood. Down came the bottle, and—"

"Down came the bottle, and—"

"Good boy!" shouted Gwathmey. "You caught it, and—"

"No," I muttered sadly, while a silly sort of choke tightened my larynx, "I—I—muffed it."

Not the Least Bit Risky

I AM in the process of being insured. To-day, they gave me my physical examination.

If there is one thing upon which I refuse to expand, it is my corporeal being. I am not self-conscious, or touchy, or morbid, mind you, but I feel, as you probably do yourself, that the shape and functioning of one's mortal chassis is nobody's three-em-dash business. I try to be as little offensive to the senses as possible. Let it go at that.

The doctor looked at me long and distastefully. "How's your heart?" he asked.

"The top of the morning to *you*," I replied, not to be outdone. I was as much at home as he was in Irish dialect.

"Do you smoke?" he continued.

"Why—er—don't mind if I do," said I and waited for the forthcoming tobacco. Like the featured speaker at a luncheon, it didn't appear. Later it occurred to me that the doctor wasn't being friendly, but nosey.

"Anybody in your family ever suffered from congenital hydrocephalic comatosis?" asked the doctor.

"My aunt!" I exclaimed, purely as such.

"Aha!" said he. "On which side?"

"On which side of what?" I queried.

"On which side of the family?"

"Oh," I said, vastly relieved, "I thought you might have meant on which side of my aunt."

"Quite so," said the doctor, not pressing the point. "When have you been sick lately, and with what?"

"Well, doctor," said I, "six years ago I had pharyngitis and last December I suffered from tonsilitis and between pharyngitis and tonsilitis, I must say that pharyngitis is far more annoying, although tonsilitis has a fever condition that pharyngitis—"

"Keep that up," he remarked, "and you'll have both of them at once *and* laryngitis as well. Take off your coat."

I took it off. He shook a lot of instruments out of his tool bag. From that time on I was too miserable to say anything. I am always paralyzed by the sight of a doctor's instrument, even if it happens to be nothing more than a fountain pen.

Eventually the doctor let me go. The insurance

agent was waiting outside. The doctor muttered something to him and he led me away.

"You'll be all right, old man," he said enthusiastically as we descended in the elevator. "You'll get through."

"Will I?" I asked dubiously.

"Sure," he said. "The doctor told me that the established longevity of idiots makes you a perfect risk."

The Club of Knaves

"WELL, f'gossakes," said a familiar voice, "when ju get out?"

He was one of the gentlemen who had helped me help make the world safe for Liberty Bonds. I was flattered that he remembered me. Indeed, I took it as a particular tribute that one or all of my particular war outfit hadn't murdered me long ago. They were a nice lot of boys.

"How are you?" I asked politely. "And what are you doing?" I asked him that from experience. The first man to ask that question wins.

"Back at me old job," he answered. "Burglary." I was just a shade less surprised than you are.

"Come on down to me club and have a drink," he invited. I thought it expedient to accept.

We headed for a side street. Half-way down the block we stopped. The house was like all the rest. My burglar friend leaped lightly to a window, opened it and disappeared inside. "Come on," he said.

I did. It was a novel way to enter a club but nobody, either outside or in, showed any excitement. Indeed, it was quite like any gentleman's club—soft

The attendants were dressed in police uniforms.

lights, not so soft voices and tobacco smoke. The attendants, I noticed, were dressed in police uniforms.

"Makes the boys feel more at home," explained my host. I followed him into the bar. This was

fitted up attractively as a cell—or what I imagine is a cell. It was certainly homelike. The drinks were never like home.

"Nice place," I observed, determined to show as much *sang-froid* as had hitherto carried me along.

"Not bad," he observed. "Got to have some place to hang out, now the saloons have gone sour."

"Lot of members?" I asked.

"Waiting list," he assured me. "The rules is easy and guests is expected. Every now and then one of the members brings in a bull to dinner. We always make a point to mix him up with the servants —same uniform, y'see. Ho-ho."

I laughed appreciatively. The more I thought of it the less reason I could see why a club of this kind should not exist. It was quiet, orderly, unobtrusive. It was probably necessary to those that belonged to it. After the drinks, he showed me about. The cell motif occurred again and again. The library was fitted out like a police court even down to the green lights. It was charming—and cheerful.

"Well," I said finally, "I think I'd better make a break."

"All right," he said amiably. "But you haven't

seen the top floor. We have a machine shop up there —and a swell pistol range."

* * *

It wasn't until next morning that I missed my watch. I called at the club. My friend was out, but I spoke to the clerk.

"Yesterday afternoon," I began, "I—er—my watch . . ."

"Yair," he replied, "try and get it." And he yawned.

No wonder guests is expected.

Hee Yare, Whattaya Read?

An Intermediate Lesson in New Yorkese

"HLo yabigstiff! Chadoin, readina noos? Wennayou learna read—hunh? Ho-ho."

"Iwusjus givvina coupla headlinesa wunsova. Say, Harry, sguy Lawdjawge, heesa bad akkor."

"OhwIseen woise."

"Chamean, yaseen woise? Youwaint never see Lawdjawge."

"Iyaint aintI? You wanna pokinnanose? Heesa Scosh kummedean, aintee?"

"Yapoor fish, acawss heyaint. Heesa Wale."

"Lika Prinsa Wales?"

"Yeah, lika Prinsa Wales."

"WefferallIcare hecan bea porpus. I seenim. Hewuzza Scosh kummedean. He kummoutin barelegs annaskoit."

"Lawdjawge in barelegs annaskoit? Gowan you-

musbe cuckoo. Wherejasee Lawdjawge in barelegs annaskoit?"

"Chadoin, readina noos? Wennayou learna read?"

"*I*seenim. Hekummout ansing 'Illuvvalassie.' "

"Aw, Harry, nowIgetcha. Youseen Saharry Louda, not Lawdjawge."

"Oh, Saharry Louda. Oh, thassit, izzit? Saharry Louda. . . . Well, wassee uptanow?"

"He sovatta Jenno, runnina cofference."

"Runnina cawfee house ovatta Joisey, Fgos-sakes!"

"Notta cawfee house, yadumbbell. A cofference. In Yurrup."

"Well, whyntee sticktavodvil?"

"Chamean, sticktavodvil? Heyaintevverbinnino-vodvil."

"Heyaintaintee? Iseenim in vodvil, Itellya. He-kummoutin barelegs—"

"Fgossakes, Harry, Itolyatwicet youseen Saharry Louda. Imtalkinabout sguy Lawdjawge."

"Youstill talkinaboutis Lawdjawge? Whattabout-im?"

"He's gotalla nations inna cofference annees try-into hoggalla graft."

"Thabig stiff! Wherezee pullinnis?"

"In Yurrup, Itoleya."

"Aw, in Yurrup. Aw, wattavit? Lettim cmova-here antryit. We'll givvimma pokinnanose. Hey, Mac—"

"Whattizzit, Harry?"

"Tellwittis Jawge, lesgettus wunnem iscreem pies, cha say?"

"Awright—skinda hot. SwatIsay. Tellwittim. Lesgo."

"Lesgo . . . cha wantcha paper?"

"Naw . . . snothin innit."

O Conscript Fathers!

A Page, Hitherto Unpublished, from the "Congressional Record"

(*Scene: The House of Misrepresentatives.*)

THE SPEAKER: Under the order of the House the gentleman from Rosy Valley (Mr. Fussfut) is recognizable for four-and-a-quarter minutes.

MR. FUSSFUT: What'll it be, boys?

MR. FLATHEAD (*of Brassneedles*): Will the gentleman yield?

MR. FUSSFUT: Sure.

MR. FLATHEAD: Tell us the one about the bazoo player.

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman from Brassneedles has suggested the story of the bazoo player. Is there objection?

MR. KALBMOSES (*of Verschantzen*): Reserving the right to object, is it an objectionable story?

MR. FUSSFUT: It was a day of great rejoicing throughout the realm—

MR. KALBMOSES: Will the gentleman yield to a point?

MR. FUSSFUT: I haven't got to the point.

MR. KALBMOSES: I know that. *I* want to make the point.

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman from Verschantzen wants to make the point. Is there objection?

MR. FUSSFUT: *I* object. Is *he* telling the story?

MR. KALBMOSES: All I wanted to say, Mr. Speaker, was that I do not like the sound of the word "realm." It has a medieval sound, a feudal sound that suggests oppressive autocracy. In this enlightened age—in these great and glorious United States that stand for liberty—that stand for equality —that stand for more than I can say—

MR. FUSSFUT: They stand for a lot when they keep you in the House.

MR. KALBMOSES: Mr. Speaker, I ask for unanimous consent to inscribe in the record that, due to the insult received, I have just busted the gentleman from Rosy Valley on the nose.

THE SPEAKER: You have it. Proceed with the story.

Mr. Fussfut: As I said, it was a day of great rejoicing throughout the realm. (*Glares at Mr. Kalbmoses. The gentleman from Verschantzen has his feet on his desk and has gone to sleep.*) The sun shone in the sky, the breeze blew and the little birds sang—

The Speaker: The four-and-a-half minutes have expired. The gentleman from Rosy Valley will have to finish his story in the luncheon room.

Mr. Warthogg (*of Little Toucan*): Mr. Speaker—

The Speaker: The gentleman from Little Toucan is recognizable for two-and-a-third minutes.

Mr. Warthogg: There was a young lady named Alice—

The Speaker: The gentleman from Little Toucan claims that there was a young lady named Alice.

Mr. Flathead: Reserving the right to object, why was her name Alice?

Mr. Warthogg: Why is your name Flathead?

Mr. Flathead: Is the gentleman from Little Toucan trying to get personal? If so, I should like to refer back to the nose-busting of the gentleman from Rosy Valley.

MR. FUSSFUT: Reserving the right to object, could her name be anything else but Alice?

MR. WARTHOGG: It could not. If my worthy and esteemed associates will do me the honor, I shall give them the full benefit of this very fair bit of original verse:

There was a young lady named Alice,
Who lived at her ease in a palace;
Though questions arose *re* her jewels and clothes
She never bore any one malice. (*Applause.*)

THE SPEAKER: That was very fair, very fair indeed. Have you another one?

MR. WARTHOGG: No; but the gentleman from Verschantzen has. I will yield to him. (*Applause.*)

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman from Verschantzen is asleep. To awaken him is contrary to parliamentary law. It is now under the order of the House to treat with more serious subjects, such as prohibition, railroad administration and peace treaties.

MR. BLIMP (*of Squggett's Four Corners*): I suggest that those subjects be referred back to the President for treatment. He knows more about them than we do.

THE SPEAKER: An excellent proposal. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

THE SPEAKER: Dispensing with parliamentary form, let us adjourn. Last out pays for the drinks. (*Tumultuous applause.*)

Congress adjourned, F. O. B., 11:45. All were pleased.

The Crimes of Commerce

The cut through the park was long, gloomy and sinister. Dim lights accentuated the squalid grime of the too-frequent tunnels. Dead, gray, rough stone oppressed and overshadowed the too-few open spaces. An occasional vehicle flashed by, banging over the cobbles at top speed, making no bones of its hurry to be out of the uncongenial, depressing atmosphere.

It was not a charming thoroughfare for pedestrians—and there were few. To be exact, there was the couple—and the man.

The couple hurried along, wishing they had not chosen to make use of this notorious byway. By himself, the man would have undoubtedly been less craven. But the girl bothered him with little foolish fears. And there was the other man. He shuffled along in an evil crouch, his cap pulled low over his face. On they hurried, the man keeping measured pace, biding his time, spider-like—ghoulish. . . .

Then the girl looked behind her and shattered her last fragment of control. She knew now what she had feared before. They were being followed. They would be held up—murdered! She urged her

The couple hurried along.

companion to greater speed. More and more rapidly they penetrated deeper and deeper into the cut. The evil man kept pace. And I? I brought up the rear at a respectful distance.

The girl and her escort crossed to the other side.

The man followed. They stopped. He stopped, but with a detached air of leisure that made his horrible plan clear beyond misinterpretation. Now the cut ran through a last winding tunnel, longer and dimmer than all the others. Here he would do it. The moment had come. All this flashed through the minds of the girl and her companion. They stopped and looked about despairingly. The evil man continued his padding crouch. The couple stood frozen.

Suddenly from out the tunnel rumbled a safe, sane, familiar object.

"Taxi!" shouted the man. "Taxi!" shrieked the girl, simultaneously. It heeded instantly.

They were saved. And in the very last split-second.

But that left me to deal with the cut-throat. He had readjusted his cap and lost his crouch. He looked particularly harmless—nondescript.

Wagging my walking-stick, which was, I reflected comfortably, more bludgeon than stick, I came up to him and spoke.

"Lucky for those people that taxi came along," I said insinuatingly.

He grinned. "Yeah? They thought I was going to hold 'em up?"

"Well," said I, still wagging my stick, "and weren't you?"

"Gawd, no!" he exclaimed, "I wouldn't touch nobody. I'm only a decoy for me brother. That was him drivin' the taxi."

Survival of the Wildest

"In the Great Open Spaces—" began Bates.

"Hang the Great Open Spaces," said I. "They are being ruined."

"Being ruined?" asked Bates doubtfully. "The Great Open Spaces of He-men!"

"None other," said I. "They are being ruined by the Nature Lovers, by the fools who Kodak as They Go, by the idiots to whom a primrose by the river's brim is a *glammatica preponderosa simplicis* with serrated pistils—"

"Oh, *those*," said Bates with great comprehension —for him, I mean.

"Mark you," said I, "to what extent the ruin is spreading. Last week I went hunting with a mighty hunter—a man who had shot bull penguins in Labrador and rapids in West Nyassa with equal success. We went up the sides of mountains where no path was possible. We squirmed through thickets, we plumbed fastnesses that a snake covered with vaseline would have passed up; we climbed rocks that

would have been big casino to a high-school antelope —and all for nothing. Not a shot at anything did we get."

"And you in the very heart o' the Pines, itself," murmured Bates.

"The murmuring pines and the hemlocks—murmuring what a couple of prize lollops we were," said I. "Whenever we crossed a trail—a trail that three people could walk on abreast—we'd run into some one who'd tell us they had just seen four grouse, three foxes and a red-tailed hawk."

"Huh," said Bates.

"Huh, nothing; they *had*. That was the worst part of it. It happened again and again. Don't you see the point? Those animals were just like humans. Somehow they had found out they were objects of popular and sentimental admiration and had deserted their secret haunts—where, to be sure, this man and I had penetrated—to parade up and down the tenderfoot trail. There they can fatten on the crumbs of flattery that every google-eyed noncombatant throws them as he, she or it goes by. They love it.

"Just like a zoo," said Bates.

"But without the protecting bars," I added. "And that will be the ultimate result of the Know the Wild Birds and Beasts movement. Not that I blame the movement. I blame the birds and beasts for being

"Come what may, our biggest game will always be wild, very wild."

lured from the Clean Silences by so trumpery and hollow a vice as vanity. Bates—it's disgusting. Our Wild Things—the last of our glorious natural history are seeking civilization on their own. It's too sad to think about."

"It is, indeed," said Bates. "Don't do it. Cheer up. Come what may, our biggest game will always be wild, very wild."

"What biggest game?" I sniffed. "Elephants with pink spots and tortoise-shell hippopotami?"

"Exactly," said Bates, and his lean brown hand reached across the table for the inevitable bottle of post-prohibition Scotch.

Decorating the Interior

A Play of Art for Art's Sweet Sake

I

Scene: The shop of Saul Blague, Inc., Antiquaire. A foreman and several workmen are leisurely engaged in administering first aid—or possibly last rites —to sundry articles of doubtful virtue. Enter Saul.

SAUL: Good morning, boys. Has the rubbish man been around yet?

FOREMAN: Yes, sir.

SAUL: Ah! (*He goes over to a corner of the shop and examines the morning's haul.*) A baby's wash-tub; a tobacco jar; a woman's hat—of straw; an alarm clock; a broken piccolo banjo; twisted wire; a handful of mattress tufts; fourteen burlap bags; ten salmon tins and a cake box with no cover. Excellent! How much for the lot?

FOREMAN: Two dollars and a quarter, boss. I

couldn't get the rubbish man down any lower. . . .

SAUL: Excellent, dear boy! This collection is one of the most promising we have ever had. Where did they come from?

FOREMAN: Mrs. Greystone-Parke's, sir.

SAUL: Ah! Mrs. Greystone-Parke. One of our best custo—er—clients. *Eh, bien*—to work. First we shall make the baby's tub into a jardinière. Paint it dark green and stencil it with number 277a —the dancing figures. The tobacco jar we paint Ming blue with vertical rings of black. It is the base of a lamp. For the shade—the straw hat, shellacked. So! The twisted wire. . . . (*As Saul continues his instructions the curtain is discreetly lowered.*)

II

Scene: The establishment of Sāul Blague, Inc., Antiquaire. Saul is deeply engaged with his custo—er—client.

SAUL: . . . And Mrs. Greystone-Parke likes the little jardinière?

MRS. G.-P.: Oh, it's swee-eet! I must have it.

And I must have more things. Ah, these hangings. Fascinating! What is that material?

SAUL: It is burlap, madame. Czecho-Slovakian burlap. Very exotic. Very lovely hangings.

MRS. G.-P.: I must have them. And what a peculiar clock! Is it a banjo clock?

SAUL: A genuine banjo clock, madame—genuine banjo—genuine clock. Very lovely. Very rare.

MRS. G.-P.: How quaint! How mid-Victorian! And these artificial daisies—

SAUL (*absently*): Mattress tufts, spar varnished—er—very rare, madame—French of the Empire period. . . .

MRS. G.-P. (*with unerring instinct she picks out all the recently transmogrified articles*): Oh, the cunning lamp. The shade looks just like a hat! Or is it a hat?

SAUL: Madame is correct. It *is* a lamp. The lamp is Persian—very Persian.

MRS. G.-P.: Lovely! And what in the world is this? It looks like ten salmon tins connected by twisted wire to a cake box.

SAUL (*wounded*): Oh, madame is not serious. That is an Andalusian centerpiece. See! (*He deftly*

arranges the apparatus of which the cake box is the center and the wire the connecting radii to the salmon tins. The whole is painted yellow with stenciled frondage of tomato red.)

"And now—*combeen?* I hope it will not be exorbitant."

Mrs. G.-P.: Oh, I see! How delicious! Oh, Mossewer Saul, I must have the lot. And now—*combeen?* I hope it will not be exorbitant.

Saul: Ah! a mere thousand dollars, madame—for the lot.

MRS. G.-P.: That is quite satisfactory. You know, Mossewer Saul, I love to acquire new furnishings from you. Your little *objets d'art* touch such a responsive chord in me. Somehow they seem familiar. That is, they do not seem *new*—if you understand what I mean. . . .

SAUL: Ah, madame has the *goút*—the taste *raffiné*. She has the instinct of the artist. True art knows neither time nor space, but rings triumphant down through all ages, its form changed, perhaps, but its *soul*—never. It is the beauty that is familiar to madame, the pure form, the real art, the soul.

MRS. G.-P. (*wiping away a sympathetic tear*): Ah! how splendid! . . . Triumphant throughout the ages. . . .

SAUL (*gallantly bowing her out*): Yes, madame. Or, as Heraclitus, the Ephesian, once put it, "Matter can neither be created—nor destroyed."

(*Curtain.*)

"A Pleasant Time Was Had by All"

A Second Intermediate Lesson in New Yorkese

"Hlo Pete, howarya? Betternya look?"

"Say, Yed, Ibeen lookin fayou. At mewsick atta dans lastnite was somepin tearabul."

"Wawasa matta witha mewsick? Itwasa same mewsick wehad lastime."

"Iffit wasa same mewsick yahad lastime youwaint hadno mewsick atall ever fyou get whatta mean."

"You tryinta slamma mewsick?"

"Hones Ed fiwasonna Houskamitty Ibe ashamda-meself."

"Wawasa matta withit?"

"Awit didin havanufpep."

"Whaja expeck—Susie's band?"

"Nowididin expeck Susie's band. Buttidid hope-tahave haffachanst tashake medawgs. Anna drumma hadda berl onnis sneck."

"Wellitwas his sneck. Wattavit?"

"Wella berl onna drummas sneck donlook toogood atta dans Sed."

"Yeh? Gotanny morekicks?"

"Yeh? Gotanny morekicks?"

"Yeh Igottalotta kicks. At guy witta sassaphone didingive twenny tootsouta it all nite. Anna guy withafiddle spenallahistime tawkinta sumbuddy in-backuvvim."

"Maybe youwas tawkin somuch infrontuvvim he couddentalk nowheres ellus."

"Yeh? Wheres ellus wouddeetalk? Hewas paidfa playin naffa tawkin."

"Yeh? Youwaint tolme wawwas wrong witha pyano yet."

"Hewas awrite. He mustagotintata wrong dans."

"Isatso? Well atswatta geffa tryinta runoffa dans foralotta bums."

"Isatso? Isupposat treefifty apeece yagotoffenus was a lotta bums too?"

"Well youwaint seein me buyino Rollsrerce withit an danchafagettit."

"Yamighta jusaswell as givvit to them bums. They was tearabul."

"Imsawry yadidin enjerthem Pete. Iguessmaybe yahadawta givvenem ashotasumpin takindajazzem-up."

"Iyaint waistin nunnamegood likka onnennyathem dodos. Whyntja givvem summayerown?"

"Iguessa shouldawta. Well stoolate now, Pete. Wewont havvem agen."

"Sawrite Ed stoolate now. No hardfeelins."

"Nohardfeelins Pete. Imsawry. Solong."

"Solong Ed. Say Yed. . . ."

"Whattizzit, Pete?"

"Ifagetta tellya Ed thalobstasalad . . ."

"Ooh yeh the lobstasalad. Thawas good was-init?"

"It was tearabul."

Airy Fairytales

Or How the Brothers Grimm Got Monkey-Glands

I

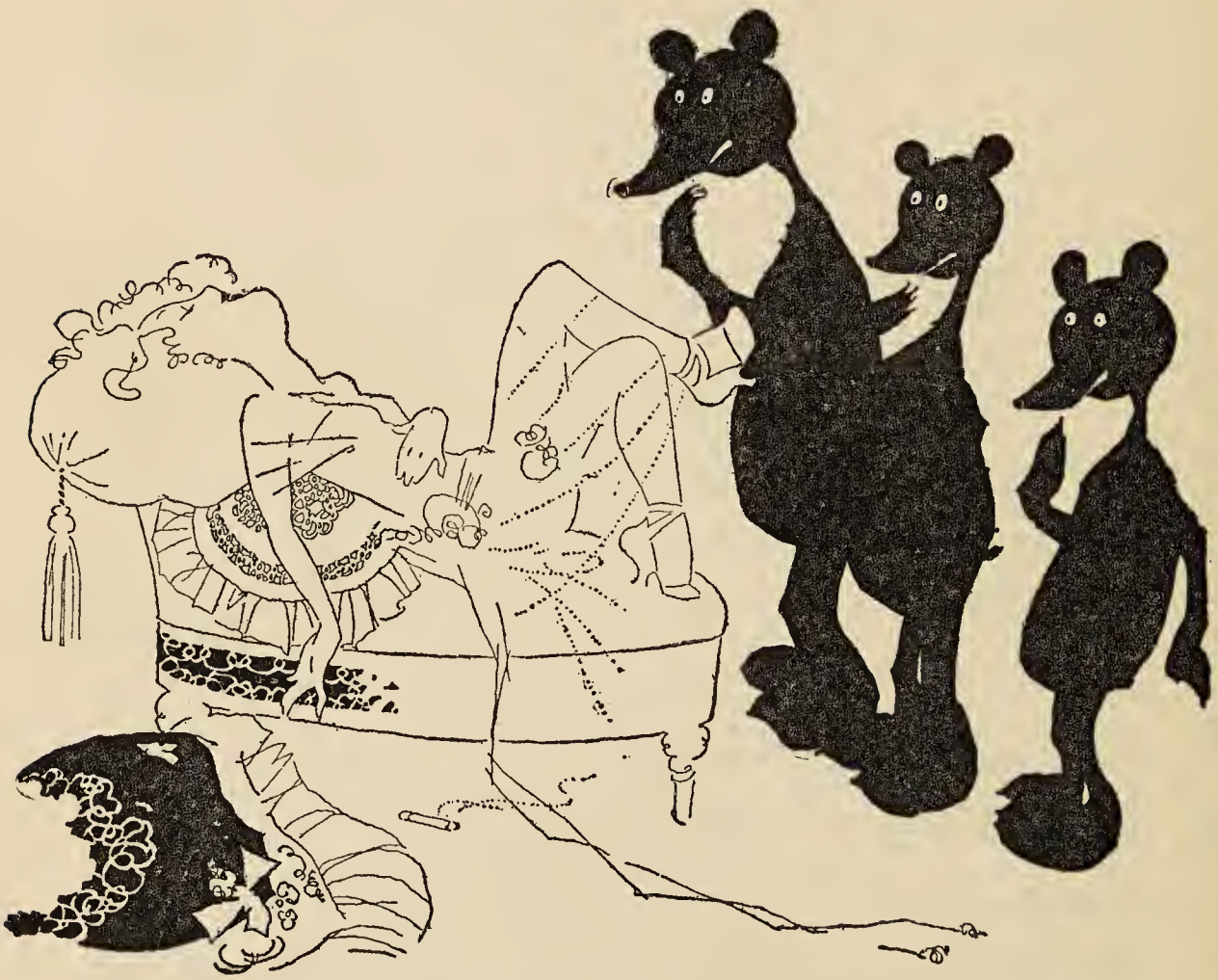
Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Goldilocks had done the Three Bears' house thoroughly. In conscientious rotation she had sampled the cigarettes of the Big, Middle-sized and Little Bears, filling her case with those of the last named. She had tasted the Big Bear's cocktail, but had found there was too much gin in it. The Middle-sized Bear's cocktail contained too much vermouth. But the cocktail of the Little Bear went down Goldilocks' ozzly-goozlum without any trouble.

Then she had essayed the Big Bear's pogo stick, only to find the spring far too unyielding. The Middle-sized Bear's pogo stick jounced her about too violently. Finally she had had recourse to the pogo stick of the Little Bear, which proved so amusing

that a final wild fit of hilarity cracked it in half and tumbled Goldilocks upon the floor.

When the Three Bears returned from a rousing set-to of high ball at the Yale Club, they found



"Oh, boy!"

Goldilocks asleep on the *chaise longue* of the Little Bear, the silk of her hair mingling with the lace of the hand-embroidered pillow slip.

"Oh, boy!" said the Big Bear in his Big Voice.

"Oh, boy!" said the Middle-sized Bear in his Middle-sized Voice.

"Oh, boy!" said the Little Bear in his Little Voice.

Then she danced with the Little Bear.

Goldilocks awakened, smiled at the Three Bears impartially, and looked at her platinum wrist watch.

"Oh, goodness!" she exclaimed, "I'm an hour late for the Ritz. Would you gentlemen mind finding me a taxi?"

Gallantly, the Three Bears (who were very well known in W*ll Str**t) rushed to the front door.

"Taxi!" cried the Big Bear in his Big Voice.

"Taxi!" cried the Middle-sized Bear in his Middle-sized Voice.

To the Ritz.

"Taxi!" cried the Little Bear in his Little Voice.

"Now," said Goldilocks, "whichever of you is the best dancer may go with me." She put a dance record on the phonograph and danced with the Big Bear. But the Big Bear stepped all over her feet. Then she danced with the Middle-sized Bear. But the Middle-sized Bear didn't know any new steps.

Then she danced with the Little Bear. He was *wonderful!*

So Goldilocks and the Little Bear drove to the Ritz in the Little Bear's taxi.

* * *

"I say," said the Big Bear in his Big Voice, as he finished what was left of his cocktail, "isn't this the day that Little Bear's wife has tea at the Ritz with her mother?"

"I believe it is," replied the Middle-sized Bear in his Middle-sized Voice.

"Ho! Ho!" roared the Big Bear very suggestively, in his Big Voice.

"Ha! Ha!" agreed the Middle-sized Bear in his Middle-sized Voice.

They were horrid, cinnamon bears, always trying to find something spicy in everything.

II

Rapunzel, or the Girl with the Beautiful Hair

When Rapunzel's picture appeared in *Débutante's World,* a handsome young Prince—or Prince-

ton man, rather, promptly fell in love with it. There she sat, her beautiful, long, golden hair streaming down and twining its silky tendrils about his heart. He loved long hair. It was hereditary. His father and six uncles had all been infatuated with the Seven Sutherland Sisters.

For a long time he pondered just how he could meet her. To find a common friend and be properly introduced was impossible. First of all, he was a Princeton man. They do things differently.

That was the reason he appeared night after night under Rapunzel's window, singing to the accompaniment of a banjo-ukulele a song that he had composed himself.

"Oh, Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair
That I may climb up
To your window, there,"

he sang. It wasn't a very good song, but his heart was in his work. So much so, that the neighbors complained to Rapunzel's father and mother.

Rapunzel, herself, never heard him. Being prone to the festive foolishness, it was her usual custom to

sneak down the back stairs every evening, to return only long, long after midnight.

It was Fate, or something very much like it, that caused the beautiful young girl to return one morn-

"Oh, Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair."

ing, earlier than her wont. She heard a strange moaning outside her window. It was the Princeton man, singing his praise of her long, long hair. How his Brooks' suit glistened in the moonlight!

"Well, for the love of horseradish!" exclaimed Rapunzel, having been well educated. "What's troubling *you?*"

"Ah, Rapunzel," breathed the Princeton man, who was the soul of poetry, "I love you. I love you madly." And he raised his banjo-ukulele and sang:

"Oh, Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair
That I may climb up
To your window, there."

"Of all the cast-iron nerve!" exclaimed Rapunzel, terribly pleased. "That's awful. Sing it again."

He sang it again. And then he said, "Ah, Rapunzel," he said, "night after night I have come under your window to tell you my praise of your beautiful, long, long hair. I have sung it wistfully, proudly, passionately. I have sung it softly and at the full extent of my lungs. And now I shall sing it just once more, for I see the milkman coming in the distance."

And the Princeton man raised his banjuke and sang for the last time:

"Oh, Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your hair
That I may climb up
To your window, there."

The milkman could never make it out.

"Oh," said Rapunzel, indignantly, "do you think I'm a back number? You poor fish, for the past three weeks my hair has been bobbed!"

* * *

All his life, the milkman could never make out

how the banjo-ukulele got into his favorite, brand-new milk can.

III

The Horrible Story of Blue Beard, Jr.

"My dear," said Mr. Beard one sunny morning to his attractive young wife, "I have to go down to Pinehurst on a very important law case. Here are all the keys to the house. The littlest key opens the attic door. Don't touch. *Défendu!*"

And he pinched her cheek and shouldered his golf bag and departed for Pinehurst on his very important business.

Naturally, it wasn't long before young Mrs. Beard's curiosity about the attic reached several hundred degrees. So she took the littlest key, opened the door and found—exactly what you imagined she'd find, bottles and bottles and bottles of it.

Oh, what a fat party there was *that* night! More fun . . . more hair nets ruined! And once started, Mrs. Beard, who had been told to amuse herself anyway, continued entertaining until the supply of entertainment was entirely exhausted.

Soon after that her husband returned, all sunburned from working on the law case. "Where's the littlest key?" he demanded at once.

Oh, what a fat party there was *that* night!

"Since you told me to leave it alone," his wife answered, "I've put it safely away."

"Well, you chase right after it," said Blue (he was called "Blue" because he had once made a touch-

down against Harvard in a Yale-Harvard game), and he smacked his lips.

When Mrs. Beard returned with the littlest key, Blue took it and sniffed.

"Bacardi!" he yelled. Greatly dismayed, he rushed up to the attic. In less time than it takes to stir a highball, he knew all. His face grew livid.

"That settles it!" he declared angrily. "You and I are through."

"No, no!" sobbed Mrs. Beard. But Blue Beard made a horrible face and stamped downstairs, and began throwing the wedding presents through the French windows.

Mrs. Beard rushed to the telephone and called up her father. "I used up all of Blue's liquor," she explained, "and he's gone off his nut. Save me!"

Posting her Sister Anne at the bedroom window as a lookout, she ran downstairs again in a brave attempt to assuage her husband's wrath with a mixture of furniture oil and metal polish.

But Blue would not be pacified. He stamped and stormed about, beating the top of the piano with the cloisonné vase Aunt Emma sent. He pulled all the legs off the Louis Quinze chairs and threw them

at the light fixtures. Between barrages, Mrs. Beard ran to the stair-landing and cried in great anguish:

But Blue would not be pacified.

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, don't you see any one on the road?"

And Sister Anne replied:

"No one but poor Mr. Duffy, trying to get his ball out of a sand trap."

Blue Beard grew wilder and wilder. Ever and anon, his distracted wife would sneak to the stair-landing and call: "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see no one on the road?"

And Sister Anne would reply:

"No one but Mr. Duffy, who is hunting for a lost ball."

Blue Beard grew worse and worse and began to trail Mrs. Beard about the living room. "Sister Anne, Sister Anne," she shrieked, as she went around and around, "don't you see anybody at all on the road?"

And Sister Anne replied:

"Not a soul but Mr. Duffy, who is pulverizing the head of his favorite ivory-faced spoon."

Faster and faster went Blue Beard after his unlucky spouse. Faster and faster ran poor Mrs. Beard. When Blue finally tripped over a gathering in the rug, she had hardly enough breath left to cry once more: "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you or don't you see any one coming?"

This time Sister Anne replied: "Yes, I do! I see

a nifty sedan coming like the wind. The driver has on a beautiful fur coat with a real seal collar."

"Thank Heaven!" cried young Mrs. Beard, joyfully, "that's father's bootlegger."

* * *

After a bit, Blue Beard calmed down and apologized humbly for his ungentlemanly conduct. The very next week Mrs. Beard had a new roadster, a genuine Oriental pearl necklace and the loveliest little platinum and diamond kangaroo for her wrist.

IV

Little Red Riding-Hood

"Oh, mo-ther," said the lineal descendant of Red Riding-Hood, as she parked her red roadster in front of the Riding-Hood *porte-cochère,* "I'm ready to bust over to grandma's."

"All right, dear," responded Mrs. Riding-Hood. "Take this case of Scotch and this half-case of Bacardi and these two cases of gin and trot along."

With a pleasant grinding of gears, little "Red," as they called her for short, was off.

"And a good thing, too," murmured the mother,

watching the receding spare tire vanish into the forest road. "The way that child was growing, I could never have gone another season without everybody knowing my right age."

* * *

When Little Red Riding-Hood returned home at her usual time—about an hour after dinner had been announced—it threw her good mother somewhat into confusion.

"Why, Red," said she, "why—er—er—how's grandma?"

"Grandma's all right," responded the child with her customary nonchalance. "She says she'll take that other case of rye, and if dad is going to get any vermouth—"

"But—didn't you meet a big, big wolf?" asked the mother insinuatingly.

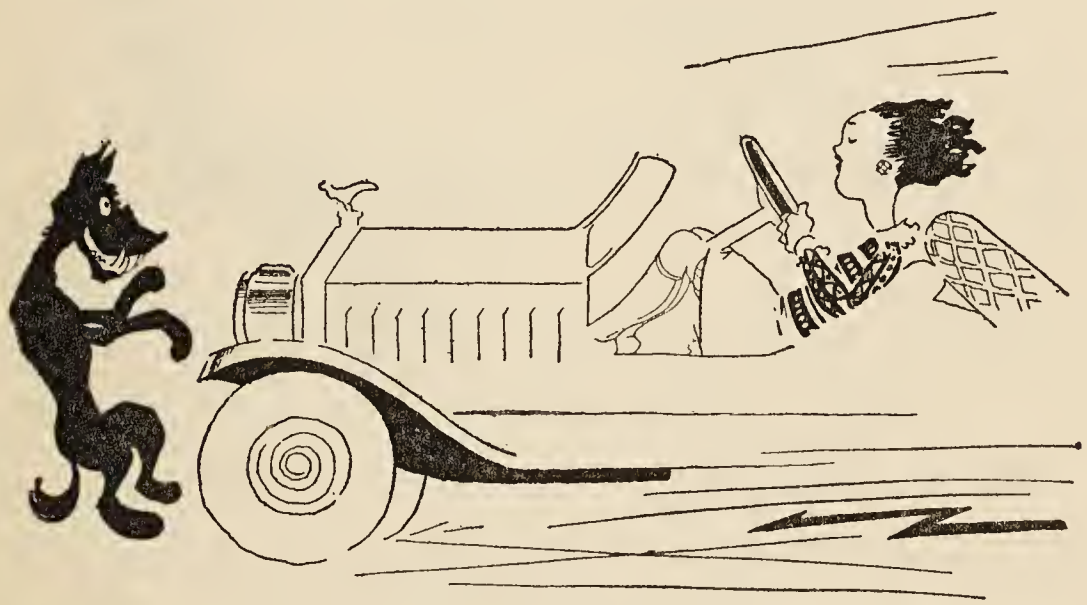
"Oh, *him,*" replied Red Riding-Hood with scorn. "I mean *he,*" she corrected hastily. "What about him?"

"Didn't he stop and talk to you?" asked the elder, thoroughly disturbed.

"No, mother, he didn't. Why? He wasn't so curly."

"My child," said Mrs. Red Riding-Hood, "I sense something has gone wrong. Be more explicit."

"Well, mother, if you must have all the horrible details. . . . I was banging along about forty miles an hour, when the big, big wolf came out of the thicket and stood straight on the road."



"I was banging along about forty miles an hour."

"Quite according to tradition," said Mrs. Riding-Hood. "Continue."

"There he stood and gaped at me with his white, white teeth showing and his red, red tongue lolling. And so I stepped on the gas and steered straight at him."

"You—you—what?"

"I stepped on the gas and steered straight at him."

"You steered your automobile straight at him?" gasped the mother. "But then what—what happened?"

"I stepped on the gas and steered straight at him."

"*Vraiment,*" replied Red Riding-Hood with a flash of the French that she was supposed to have learned at Miss Dense's School for Girls, "I just naturally knocked the wicked wolf for a *loup!*"

Three Brass Bedouins

A Morality Play of the East

I

Scene: A Garden in the Wilderness.

THE MAN: Ahbhoub, you are the light of my eyes, the warmth of my heart, the fire of my soul. . . .

THE WOMAN (*coquettishly*): Ah, no, Ahbheeb! Turn off the heat. My husband. . . .

THE MAN (*starting nervously*): Where is he?

THE WOMAN: Who knows? He was to meet me here.

THE MAN (*rising quickly*): Then I have a pressing matter to attend.

THE WOMAN: Stay. I said he *was* to meet me here. But he never remembers. His inability to keep straight an appointment is notorious. Even now, bemused in his mind, he probably hastens to Friday's engagement under the belief that he is keeping last Tuesday's. We are as safe as a Mosque.

"Wilt thou mingle thine eyebrows with mine?"

THE MAN: Are you sure?

THE WOMAN: I have never known him to fail to confuse his *rendezvous*. But hold! Cometh Fizzk, my tiring-wench. (*Enter Fizzk in haste.*)

FIZZK: Get you gone, good Sir. Madam, as my name is Fizzk, it is time to retire. Last night I overheard Ahbhub, your husband, my master, swear to kill you both. How saith the cursed *Feringhi?* He is wise. Beat it.

THE WOMAN: A fig for your fears! Ahbhub's quaint peculiarity of confusing his proper whereabouts will prevent him from ever finding us. I will wager my best earring of chalcedony that at this moment Ahbhub walks a mile for a camel that he isn't supposed to buy until day after to-morrow.

THE MAN: Your confidence emboldens me, Ahbhoub, my beloved. See how the starlight glistens upon the white berries of the mistletoe. Wilt thou mingle thine eyebrows with mine?

THE WOMAN (*languorously*): Yea. (*She sinks her head on his shoulder. He takes his Chi-tar and sings softly and passionately*):

Oú oú oú, la la la,
Oú oú oú, la la la;

Oú oú oú, la la la,
Oú oú oú, la la la.

CHORUS

Wee-wee, wee-wee.

CURTAIN.

II

Short Scene: A Wilderness in the Garden.

THE HUSBAND: Bismillah! Hand clasped in hand in their bower of myrrh and mistletoe, they thought I would not see them. They thought wrong. Now to my vengeance. These fruits of my favorite palm tree—let me pit them and fill them with hashish! (*He does so.*) Ha! Pitted of innocence and stuffed with death—a pretty conceit. To the *left* side of my enameled comfit box I put these dainty poisoned sweets. To the *right* side, I keep their harmless brethren. Death to Ahbhoub and Ahbheeb the faithless. Death!

CURTAIN.

III

Scene: The Same Garden. The Wilderness Has Become Slightly Wilder.

THE WOMAN: Ahbheeb, my furnace of passion. . . .

THE MAN (*tenderly*): Ahbhoub, my little oil stove. . . .

THE WOMAN: My bonfire . . .

THE MAN: My gas jet . . .

THE WOMAN: My solidified alcohol . . .

THE MAN: My Toasto!

THE WOMAN: My Grillo!

THE MAN: My Broilo!

THE WOMAN: My Stewo!

THE MAN: My Fryo!

THE WOMAN: My Scorcho!

THE MAN: My *Bimbo!* (*The husband enters.*)

THE HUSBAND: Forgive my intrusion, will you not? (*The guilty pair jump up.*)

THE WOMAN (*attempting to cover her confu-*

sion): Mr. Bheeb, you—er—know my husband, Mr. Bhub?

THE MAN: Allah be with you.

"He came to kill us."

THE HUSBAND (*grimly*): Allah be merciful to you. (*He extends his comfit box.*)

THE MAN: Don't mind if I do. (*He extends his hand.*)

THE HUSBAND (*indicating the right side of the box*): Try one on this side, Ahbhoub?

THE WOMAN: Thank you, Ahbhub. (*She, too, picks from the right side of the box.*)

THE HUSBAND (*guilelessly*): And I. (*He picks from the left side. All bite, chew and swallow. There is an awkward silence.*)

THE MAN: How warm it is—and still.

THE HUSBAND: It may be still warmer—for some of us. (*Suddenly his eyes fix in a glassy stare.*)

THE WOMAN: I don't understand—

THE HUSBAND (*thickly*): Allah—protect—me. Neither do I. (*He expires gracefully, ad lib.*)

THE MAN (*he stoops over Ahbhub*): See . . . the sweetmeats—filled with hashish—poisoned! He has killed himself. Ahbhoub, beloved, what means this?

THE WOMAN (*intuitively*): He came to kill us.

THE MAN: To kill us with friendly proffer of poisoned fruit? Aie, I comprehend! And yet . . . how strange his failure.

THE WOMAN: Not strange at all. What saith the Koran? "Once an *Ishp,* always an *Ishp.*"

THE MAN: But he gave us the dates of life and ate the dates of death himself. . . .

THE WOMAN: Fool! Was he not forever getting his dates mixed?

CURTAIN.

Bolshevik Primer

Elementary Training for Muscovite Minors in Proper Russian Expression and Feeling

ADVANCED READING

How Nikita Gogol Saved Little Russia

Nikita Gogol trudged along the path flanking the dyke that separated the Baltic from Little Russia, his homeland. Although his father had given him a well-placed kick and a tin can to be filled with *kvass* at the nearest *Platz,* nevertheless Nikita rejoiced in the sere, yellow tulips, the weather-beaten irrigation ditches and the gray, streaked sky. It was his country, Nikita thought, and intelligent as he was, he had a smoldering affection for it.

As he trudged along, happily singing a sad song about a deserted wife slowly starving to death, he noticed a trickle of muddy water making its sluggish way across his path. "Oh," thought Nikita Gogol, "the dyke has sprung a leak!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Nikita shoved his thumb into the dyke and plugged the leak. The water stopped trickling. . . .

Thirty seconds later, a man-eating shark patrolling the other side of the embankment bit off Nikita's thumb. At the same time, a neighboring windmill collapsed, burying him under its ruins. In the terrible inundation which followed, thousands of lives were lost.

Robertoff Brusnieff and the Spider

As Robertoff Brusnieff, hiding in a deserted barn from the Tartars, lay in the moldy hay, he sourly nursed his lacerated feelings. Unconscious of his presence, a spider spun her fragile web.

Bitterness eating his heart, Brusnieff, the warrior, watched her. Finally he rose to his feet. "Ha," he muttered, "here, at least, is something I can defeat."

With a hard palm, he crushed the unobtrusive insect to the plaster wall.

As the pale sun sank into oblivion behind the drab horizon, Robertoff Brusnieff, leader of men, died in horrible agony.

The spider had bitten back. . . .

Barbarovna Frietjisk

Through the little town of Feodorograd marched the General Stonewladek Jacksnovitch at the head of a thousand men. From an upper window old Barbarovna Frietjisk, last of the Frietjisks, waved a hated flag. "Shoot if you must this old gray head," she cried.

Stonewladek Jacksnovitch halted and gave a command . . .

The gun of one man, Nikolai Mikailovitch by name, missed fire. He was thrown to the wolves.

Alexis Alexovitch and Vladimir Dijinski

Alexis Alexovitch, Emperor of the World, hearing of the fame of Vladimir Dijinski, the philosopher, paid him a visit. He stood outside the mean tub in which the philosopher lived and extolled and praised his wisdom. As a final tribute to Dijinski, Alexis

said: "I am Alexis Alexovitch, Emperor of the World. What can I do for Vladimir Dijinski?"

"Go swallow a large mouthful of poison ivy," replied Dijinski.

The admiring mob, seeing that, after all, Alexis Alexovitch was not universally feared and respected, fell upon him and tore him to pieces.

Sonya Ivanovna in Kovno

Sonya Ivanovna was getting horribly weary of sitting in the dead brown grass while her sister read to herself out of an ugly black book. Once or twice, Sonya had peeked over her sister's shoulder to see what it was all about, only to receive a resounding slap that sent her rolling over and over. Now, whimpering slightly and rubbing her skinned elbows, she shivered in the increasing cold of the declining afternoon.

As Sonya's sister read—to herself—her lower lip trembled and she plucked absently at a tuft of rank black hair that grew on her greenish chin. Sonya was getting horribly weary . . .

By her side lay half of a rusty crowbar, left there

by the hired man, Stephan Stephanovitch. Her fingers closed idly over it. How long—?

Blam! Sonya Ivanovna's sister suddenly stopped reading . . .

WORD LESSON

Sa-bo-tage

Bomb

Cap-i-tal-ist

Rou-ble

Food

Soap

Pro-le-tar-i-at

Bro-ther-hood

SIGHT READING

See the work-man? Oh, I see the work-man all right.

What is the work-man do-ing? Not much of anything.

Why is not the work-man work-ing? Why is not

the work-man—what! Do not ask fool ques-tions.

When will the work-man work? He won't.

What would the work-man be called if the work-man would work? He would be called a cap-i-tal-ist.

If the work-man were a cap-i-tal-ist, would he be shot? He would, and serve him right, too.

Am I a cap-i-tal-ist? Yes, con-sarn you!

Shall I be shot? You cer-tain-ly ought to be.

FIRST CATECHISM

Q. *What is a Bolshevik?* *A.* A Bolshevik is the only kindly, humane, peace-loving, God-fearing, innocent, decent, respectable, industrious citizen in the world.

Q. *What is a capitalist?* *A.* A capitalist is an unscrupulous crook. A capitalist is the vicious oppressor of the gentle Bolshevik.

Q. *What is Russia suffering from?* *A.* Russia is suffering from unfair discrimination, organized persecution, international suppression, unwarranted prejudice, unjust suspicion and malicious unrecognition.

Q. *What will save Russia?* *A.* Nothing will save

Russia but German intelligence and American money.

ARITHMETIC

Ready Reckoner

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
But the Povarish *alone.*
He is lucky, so to speak,
If he linger through a week.

Examples

How much is 4,378 times 17,730 roubles? (Ans. $00.08 U. S.)

A workman works twelve hours in one hundred thirty-two days. Labor prices are 50 roubles for the first three hours, 60 roubles for the next two and

20 roubles for every hour after that. What does the workman get? (Ans. Shot.)

What do two Red factions divided by mutual disfavor equal? (Ans. One small massacre.)

Extra Examples

Let Y equal the Soviet treasury and let X equal Premier Lenine. How often will X go into Y? How much will remain over?

Multiplication Table

1 eye = 1 eye
1 tooth = 1 tooth
1 hand = 1 hand
1 foot = 1 foot
2 guns = 5 bombs
5 bombs = 1 machine gun
2 machine guns = 1 more revolution

Are You There?

A Drama of Telephone Service and the Supernatural

THE VOICE WITH THE SMILE: Number, ple-ase?

THE PAID SUBSCRIBER: Cortland 1448.

THE VOICE: Columbus 4771?

THE SUBSCRIBER: I said Cort—

THE VOICE: One moment, ple-ase. (*Forty-seven seconds of silence.*) What number did you call, ple-ase?

THE SUBSCRIBER: Cortland 1-4-4-8.

THE VOICE: One moment, ple-ase. (*Interminable silence.*) Columbus 4771 does not an-swer.

THE SUBSCRIBER: Goshdarnit! I want *Cortland—*

THE VOICE: I'll ring them again. (*More interminable silence.*)

A STRANGE VOICE: Cha lummie smuchasevver, dearuh?

ANOTHER: Ah, cutoutabull!

THE SUBSCRIBER: Hello! Hello!

Both Voices: Hey! Get offena wya! Cha see-mtalkintomuh sweetuh?

The Voice with a Smile: What number are you calling, ple-ase?

The Subscriber: Cortland 1448.

The Voice: Cortland 1448. One moment, ple-ase. (*The usual silence.*)

A New Voice: Hel-*lo?*

The Subscriber: Hello! Who is this?

The New Voice: Who iss dot?

The Subscriber: Who *is* this?

The New Voice: Who iss *dot?* I shouldn't tell you who iss dis, you should tell me who iss dot!

The Subscriber: Hello! Cortland 1448?

The New Voice (*becoming slightly shopworn*): I don't *vant* Cortland—I vant Lenox; nine, oy, oy, seven. I vant Goldstein's fish market. I vant a herring.

A Few More Voices:

Pull up your line. Maybe you've got one hooked.

You want too much—d'ye think this is Christmas?

East Orange calling Miss Violet Applesauce—

The Telephone: Brrr ..... eexxx ..... graxxx, gurkkk ..... krssss ..... bang! bang!

Another Voice with the Same Smile: Information.

The Subscriber: What? What? Hello!

The Voice: Information. Do you want information?

The Subscriber: Infor— Tell me, how do you get that way?

The Voice: What way, ple-ase? The address and initials, ple-ase. Have you consulted the directory?

A Sweet Female Voice: Oh, *there* you are, you little darling . . .

The Subscriber: Madam, I—

The Sweet Female Voice: Why, you big stiff, how *dare* you talk to me?

The Subscriber (*wiggling the receiver hook frantically*): Hello! Hello!

The Original Voice: Upper'rrr. . . . Number, ple-ase?

The Subscriber: Cortland 1481; no, 1884; no, 8841; no—8..4..1..oh, !!!???***†††‡‡‡§§§¶¶¶. (*He slams the receiver on the hook and collapses. The curtain falls and rises, denoting the passing of ten minutes.*)

THE TELEPHONE: Ding-a-ling (or noise to that effect).

"I want to report a fire! I want a policeman! I want an ambulance!"

THE SUBSCRIBER: Hello?

AN AUTHORITATIVE MALE VOICE: Riverside 6543?

THE SUBSCRIBER: Yes, this is Riverside 6543.

THE MALE VOICE: Were you calling Cortland 1448? You have been reported using language unfit over the telephone. Sorry, but we shall be forced to discontinue the excellent service for your number. Good-bye.

THE SUBSCRIBER: ?????? Hello! Hello! Hello!

THE VOICE WITH THE SMILE: Number, ple-ase?

THE SUBSCRIBER (*consulting the front cover of the directory*): I want to report a fire! I want a policeman! I want an ambulance!

(*Curtain.*)

The Piano Prodigy

An Advanced Lesson in New Yorkese

"SHE's gotta lotta talint ainshe?"

"Ohwidunno—sheyaint ony took fawteen lessins."

"Fawteen lessins an playin likeat awready! Sheeza genus."

"Ohwidunno if sheeza *genus*. But Missellis—atsa teetcha she takes from—sezshes cumminnalawn fine."

"Wellerrant Beetris thinks sheeza genus. Willya lookita crossinerrands!"

"Oh thissis ony her slowwun. Shes gotta fasswun, too. Hurryup an finishya slowwun Essie soyacan play yafasswun fyerrant Beetris."

"Ohno Mae letta taka time. *Ilikeit*. Sreal good."

"Itsnossobad frony fawteen lessins fisayso myseff."

"Ony fawteen lessins!"

"Sevettyficensa lessin Missellis chodges. ButtIsay Beetris yagattagetta bessifya wantresults."

"Sjus swatcha havta do. But Maes cheeperinna lawn run."

"Yeh Isayitis. Cheeperinna lawn run. Yousedit Beetris."

"Mae cannessie play 'Threeyaclock inna Mawnin?' "

"Ida think so. Spopala piece, aintit? Missellis wontletessie play no popala piecis. Sperlsa touch, asumpin."

"Itsawfa nice. Its kinda like wals like. Yawta getta taletta."

"Wassa nameuvvit?"

" 'Threeyaclock inna Mawnin.' Itsa swell tune."

"Yeh buttitaint classacil. Iffitaint classacil, Missellis wont seeyit. Shewont letessie playno popala piecis."

"Fyask me, lotsa popala is jussas goodas classacil. Not jazz Ida mean but stuff like now 'Threeyaclock inna Mawnin.' "

"Nawitaint Beetris. Sperlsa touch asumpin Missellis says and Missellis *knows*. Sheyawta know fasevvetyficensa lessin."

"Fyask me Mae I thinkitsalla queshiona talint.

Talint is talint and nasheral like. It domakeno diffirince whatcha play classacil apopala."

"Yessitdoes too Beetris. Missellis says so. Shewontletessie playno popala piecis nerno jazz."

"Well, maybe shesright. Sheyotta know Missellis ott."

"Yeh sheyotta know Beetris. Anniaint gowinagentsa aftapayina allismunny."

"Well maybe yaright Mae wawithessie gettinalong sagood."

"Yeh she *is* gettinalong good. *I*think so."

"Yeh Mae. Essies gettinalong *fine!* Shes gotta lotta talint. Yareely otta getta 'Threeyaclock inna Mawnin.' "

"Litty Doggie"

A Bit of Chinese Junk

(Without apologies to Thomas Burke, Achmed Abdullah, Hugh Wiley, or anybody else.)

"Litty doggie," cooed Cum Quot, as Mustapha, Maria Marshall's snuff Pomeranian, sniffed at each grubby crevice. "Litty doggie . . ."

Dust . . . and the indescribable odors of antiquity. Rubbish . . . the smirched glaze of a Ming bowl . . . a row of begrimed ginger jars. And over all, dirt—dirt that was sticky to the unfortunate touch. This was the store of Cum Quot—a battered flotsam tossed into the turgid backwaters of a loathly swamp of stagnant humanity.

"You like Mustapha, don't you, Cum Quot?" asked Mrs. Marshall, holding her lace handkerchief before her face in compromise between Occidental hygiene and Oriental *flair*.

She was wont to patronize him.

"Oh, yas," replied Cum Quot, giving a perfect example of an evasive answer. He disappeared into the unspeakable interior of his shop. Mustapha—well-bred animal—continued to sniff. Suddenly his

Behind the placid mask of Cum Quot's countenance raged a thousand devils.

jaws opened and closed. He chewed in doggish delectation.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Marshall. "What nasty thing have you found, Mustapha? Drop it this instant, drop it!"

Mustapha chewed on.

"You *must* take that out of your mouth, dear," implored Mrs. Marshall.

Without replying Mustapha chewed on.

In desperation, Mrs. Marshall's anxious gaze settled upon a pair of blackened chopsticks lying upon the smudgy counter of the shop. As Cum Quot reentered, he was assailed by the unusual spectacle of Mrs. Marshall upon her knees, trying with the chopsticks to rid Mustapha of the foreign substance he had acquired.

Behind the placid mask of Cum Quot's countenance raged a thousand devils of despair. Unwittingly, Mrs. Marshall had done a terrible thing. She had poked the chopsticks of his revered and defunct grandfather down the throat of a dog. Blasphemy, desecration and defilement! In the eyes of his ancestors, Cum Quot had lost face.

* * *

On his post-prandial constitutional that evening, Mustapha disappeared.

* * *

One, two, three days Cum Quot waited behind the counter of the uptown chop suey restaurant

where Mrs. Marshall had first become aware of his existence. On the fourth day she came, seeking to dissipate the sorrow caused by the loss of her beloved Mustapha.

"Oh, Cum Quot," she said, "what do you think? Mustapha has disappeared. You know—litty doggie?"

"Oh, yas," said Cum Quot.

"Fix me something special to-night, Cum Quot. I don't know just what—but *something*. I feel so badly since Mustapha . . ."

"I fixee," said Cum Quot with uncustomary eloquence.

* * *

Mrs. Marshall paid her check. "It was delicious, Cum Quot," she said. "What was it?"

Followed a succession of Cantonese polysyllables.

"Goodness, I can never remember that. Write it down." Cum Quot smiled faintly—and wrote a single ideograph upon an ornate business card.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Marshall.

"Good night," said Cum Quot.

* * *

"Ladee feel better?" Suki, her husband's Japa-

nese handman, made her comfortable in her favorite chair.

"Yes, thank you, Suki. I have had such a nice new dish at the Chinese restaurant. Suki, can you read Chinese?"

"Maybe—so. Some Chinese like Japanese."

"Then what does this mean?" Mrs. Marshall handed the ornate card of Cum Quot to Suki. Suki's face crinkled into a broad simper.

"What was it I had? What does the card say?"

Suki's simper set idiotically. "Card say, Missy Marshall," he giggled, "card say—'Litty doggie.' "

* * *

In the evil heart of Chinatown, the flickering smoke from a joss stick twisted the hideous smirk of a grinning idol into a more sinister leer.

Cum Quot's lost face had been restored.

Horrible, Quite Horrible!

UNDER the glow of the library lamp, Mr. Dibble read his favorite comic weekly. On the floor beside him, his little son, Horatio, played with his blocks.

"Papa," said little Horatio, without warning.

"Yes, my boy," said his parent.

"What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"What would I do if I had a million dollars?" asked Mr. Dibble. "I'd pay my income tax." And he chuckled. That one was almost good enough to print. As he turned his beaming attention upon his son he noticed a condition that had been making itself apparent for some time.

"Why do you build all your houses so that they fall down, Horatio?" he asked.

"Because, papa," answered Horatio, "I'm playing that I'm a contractor."

This was uncanny. Of course, it might be pure coincidence, but Horatio had been showing a tendency lately—

"Papa," continued the offspring, "it hasn't rained for two weeks now."

"It hasn't, Horatio. I agree with you."

"O-oo, papa, do you suppose God's on a strike?"

Papa shuddered, but his irrepressible Horatio went blithely on.

"Papa, did our hen lay Mr. Jones? I heard you tell mamma he was a hard-boiled egg. Papa, owing to the increased cost of everything, I'll have to raise my price of being good to seven cents. S'cuse me for interruptin' you, papa, but I just set the bedroom curtain on fire. Papa—"

Mr. Dibble was seized with a terrible thought. He *had* been fond of comic magazines—he still was. So was his wife. Half-formed thoughts swarmed his mind. Freud—comic complex—heredity— Was it possible that little Horatio? . . . Horrible! With suspended breath he waited for the next utterance of his offspring.

"Papa," asked little Horatio, "what is an optimist?"

It was true! He had feared the worst. And it was the worst. Mr. Dibble's first-born was a perfect living example of the comic-magazine child.

Mr. Dibble swooned.

Gin fir Gin,
Fresh Gin!

Ben, the Bootlegger

A Touching Tale Dedicated to the Generations That Will Never Have Read Horatio Alger

CHAPTER I

BRISK TRADE

"GIN, sir, gin? Fresh gin." The speaker, a boy of fifteen, stood in front of the Harriman Night and Day Bank, on Fifth Avenue, New York City. On each side of him was an orderly array of sanitary containers.

"I'll have one!" "Give me three!" Simultaneous cries arose to gladden the ear of our hero, Ben Bronson, the Boy Bootlegger. His modest supply soon vanished.

CHAPTER II

A SISTER'S LOVE

Striking due east from Fifth, Ben entered his humble share of an old-fashioned but reconstructed building.

"Look, Virginia," he exclaimed eagerly to a lovely girl of eighteen, who sat by the window, "I've sold all my gin! And I'm as hungry as a—as a *bear!*" he concluded humorously. "I hope luncheon is ready."

"It is," she replied, without removing the cigarette from her pretty red mouth. "And jazz it up and get back on the job. I need a new squirrel coat."

This was Virginia, his frail and pure sister, of whom he was the sole support. She was a decent girl, and would accept clothing from none but the members of her immediate family.

CHAPTER III

AN ENEMY

"Gin, sir? Gin, lady? Best Gordon gin—I make it myself." Ben was, you see, "back on the job."

"Here, boy," began a well-dressed citizen, but he was interrupted by a callow youth in a Brooks suit and a large muffler.

"Look out, mister!" he hissed; "it's wood alcohol."

Somewhat shocked by this statement, the man took himself rapidly off.

"I shall be forced to punish you for your deliberate falsehood," announced Ben angrily. Nothing loath, Walter Wagstaff, who was a student at Columbia University and hated Ben because his sister had refused to go to the junior promenade with him, squared off. Righteous living and clean speech soon prevailed, and Ben had the satisfaction of whipping his enemy, who slunk off vowing further vengeance.

But the false report that his gin was made of wood alcohol spread like wildfire. Ben Bronson had no more customers that day.

CHAPTER IV

AN ACCIDENT AND A FRIEND

"Gin, sir? Gin, lady?" It was two weeks since Ben had sold any of his stock. His sister's old Hudson seal cape was in rags.

"Come away, Master Alfred," said a fashionable nurse to her rich young charge as he stuck out a finger to touch a neatly labeled carton. Ben had

trouble to hide the tear of disappointment that filled his eye.

"Heh, heh, heh!" sneered the familiar voice of Walter Wagstaff. It was so sinister that it caused a prosperous-looking gentleman suddenly to step off the curb into the path of a Fifth Avenue omnibus, which promptly knocked him down. In the excitement that followed Walter Wagstaff was apprehended and marched to the police station.

But Ben had thoughts only for the poor gentleman lying in the gutter. "Is he much hurt?" he asked anxiously as soon as the ambulance arrived.

"So far as I can make out," answered the surgeon, who was a kindly man, "he has three ribs broken, his head cracked and his left hip dislocated."

"Let me give him this," said Ben, and, slipping his hand under the gentleman's head, he poured a carton of his gin down the gentleman's lifeless throat.

"Wow!" exclaimed the gentleman immediately, sitting bolt upright. "Who gave me that?"

"It was I, sir, Ben Bronson, the Boy Bootlegger," replied Ben.

"Well, Ben," said the prosperous gentleman, affably, "thank you. You are a good lad."

At these words a blush of pleasure stained our hero's manly cheek.

CHAPTER V

HAPPY DAYS

"Ben," said the prosperous gentleman to our hero in the former's swell front parlor, whither, somewhat later, he and Ben had repaired, "where did you get that gin? It has restored me completely."

"I made it, sir," replied the manly young fellow, "from a formula left to me by my mother. She was not very good to me, but still—she was my mother."

"Admirable sentiment, Ben," replied the prosperous gentleman, while he subjected our hero to a piercing scrutiny. "But she was your stepmother. Your real name is not Ben Bronson, but Montgomery Frostlemas. I am your father."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Ben, "how can you tell?"

"I recognized the gin, which was made from my own formula stolen from me by your wicked stepmother. My boy! My boy!" And Mr. Frostlemas blew his nose with much emotion.

Here we shall leave our hero telephoning for a taxicab to bring his sister to their new-found home. But for further adventures of Ben—pardon us—Montgomery—we humbly refer you to our next book, entitled "The Young Cake-Eater; or, Thrown Out of the Plaza Grill."

For Cat's Sake

A Stirring Drama of Military Red Tape

Scene: Headquarters, —st Air-Gun Squadron, N. G.

SUPPLY OFFICER: The mice in here are very unmilitary. Sergeant, did you requisition that cat?

SQUADRON SUPPLY SERGEANT: Yes, sir. And here's its papers. (*Reads.*) One cat, mouser; first class. Character: excellent.

OFFICER: To be sure, to be sure. When does it arrive?

SERGEANT: It arrived yesterday—a fine-looking specimen, too, sir.

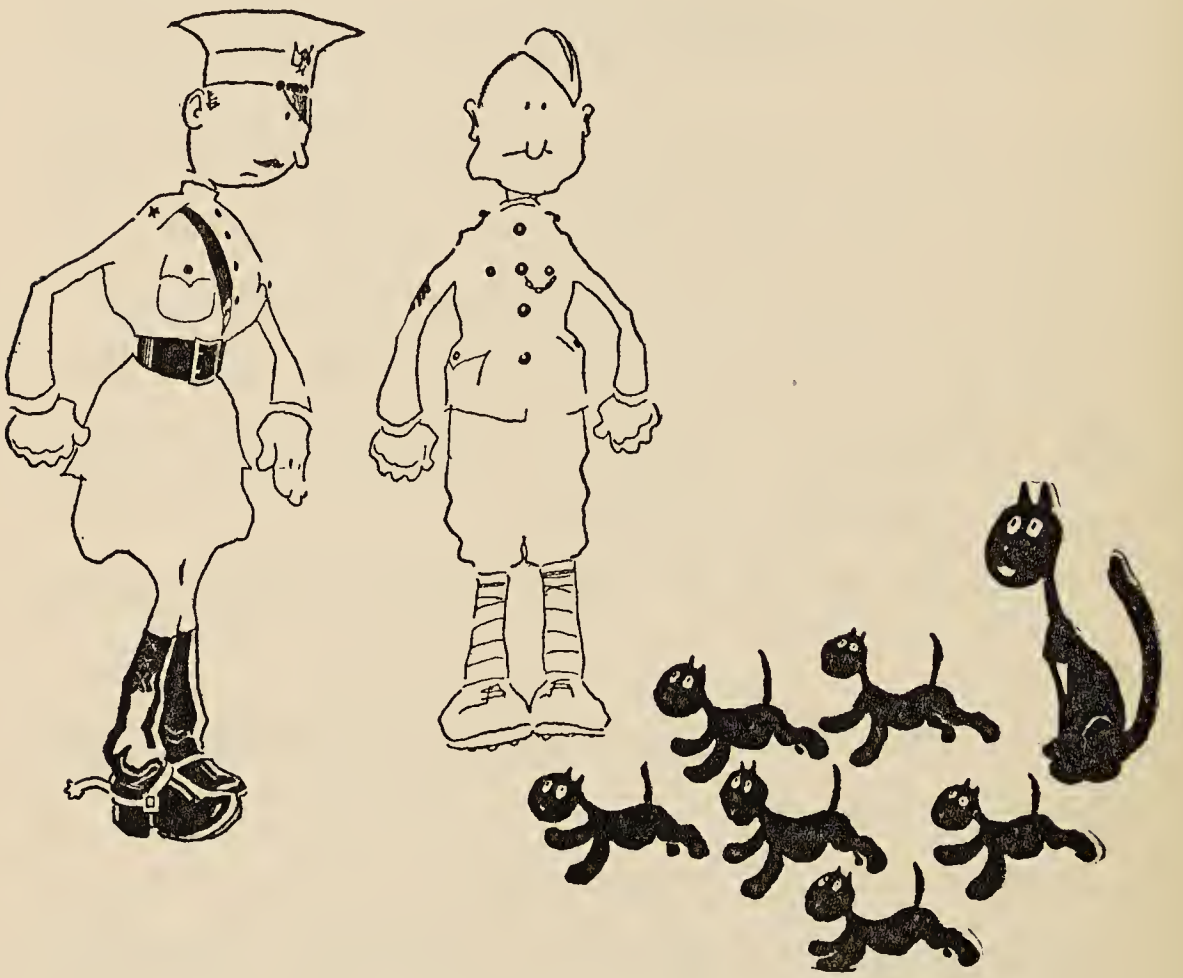
OFFICER: Good! Turn it out.

SERGEANT (*blowing his whistle*): Fweeeee! Caa-aat! Faa-linn! (*Nothing results but a faint mew.*)

OFFICER (*impatiently*): Well? Where is it—A. W. O. L.? Or merely lacking in military courtesy? (*The sergeant goes over to the cat's pup tent and peers in.*)

SERGEANT: Crissmus! Kittens! Six kittens!

OFFICER: Kittens, eh? That's fine. I may be a stern man, sergeant, and military, but I have a weakness for kittens. (*As if encouraged, the cat emerges*



"Cat! Atten-shun!"

from her pup tent and advances three paces toward officer.)

SERGEANT: Cat! Atten-shun!

OFFICER (*benignly*): As you were. (*Cat retires.*) Good-looking cat, sergeant. Fine military whiskers.

SERGEANT: Yes, sir. But what will we do with the little ones?

OFFICER: Do with 'em? Keep 'em. Too bad there aren't two more. We'd have a squad.

SERGEANT: Please, sir, we can only requisition one cat.

OFFICER: That's so. Dear, dear! Very awkward. Very unmilitary, after all. Issue a cat martial.

SERGEANT: Ah, the poor thing!

OFFICER: I can't help it. I must. Regulations call for one cat. Cat absolutely cannot bring friends or relatives into the organization. Little cats are too young to enlist. My duty is painful, but clear.

SERGEANT: Can't ye give it a dishonorable discharge?

OFFICER: No, that would reflect back on her character. Military law must decide.

SERGEANT: But the major hates cats, sir. He'll have them all drowned at sunrise. Can't ye save them?

OFFICER: Let me think . . . (*Deep in concentration, his eye wanders idly over some supply papers.*) Sergeant, we are shy one-half dozen ice-boxes, one-

half dozen canteens, one-half dozen cups, aluminum, one-half dozen— Ah! I have it! I have it!

SERGEANT: That ye have, sir. What is it?

OFFICER: I've saved the cat. And I've saved the little ones. (*He points to place on supply paper.*) Check them off here.

SERGEANT: There? But—oh, I see, sir. (*He obeys joyfully.*)

OFFICER: And to make no mistake, keep them in the non-com mess.

SERGEANT: Very good, sir. (*Seven assorted happy meows are heard from under the pup tent.*)

OFFICER: Sergeant, for an officer, I am extremely intelligent.

SERGEANT: Sir—'tis a pleasure to serve under you. Who else would think of checking off them young cats as mess-kits! (*They congratulate each other.*)

CURTAIN.

Swell Eats

A Postgraduate Lesson in New Yorkese

"Wassit gonnabe Hon? Flockaducks ora hunka brerled wale?"

"Daggetsa reckliss Chawlie. Illtaka nawda arosbeef."

"Aw whattaya wanna eatat junkfa?"

"Ainta rosbeef goodeer?"

"Acoursa rosbeef sgoodeer."

"Wellen lemme eatit. Ilikeit."

"Lissen Hon rosbeefaint speshilanuff. Awda sumpin fancy. Iwanna giveya atreat. Howabouta coupla filly meeyongs?"

"Filly meeyongs? Ooh Chawlie Ididin know thiswasa Chinkdump."

"Whaddayameana Chinkdump? Thisisa swelldump. There ainta Chink onnaplace."

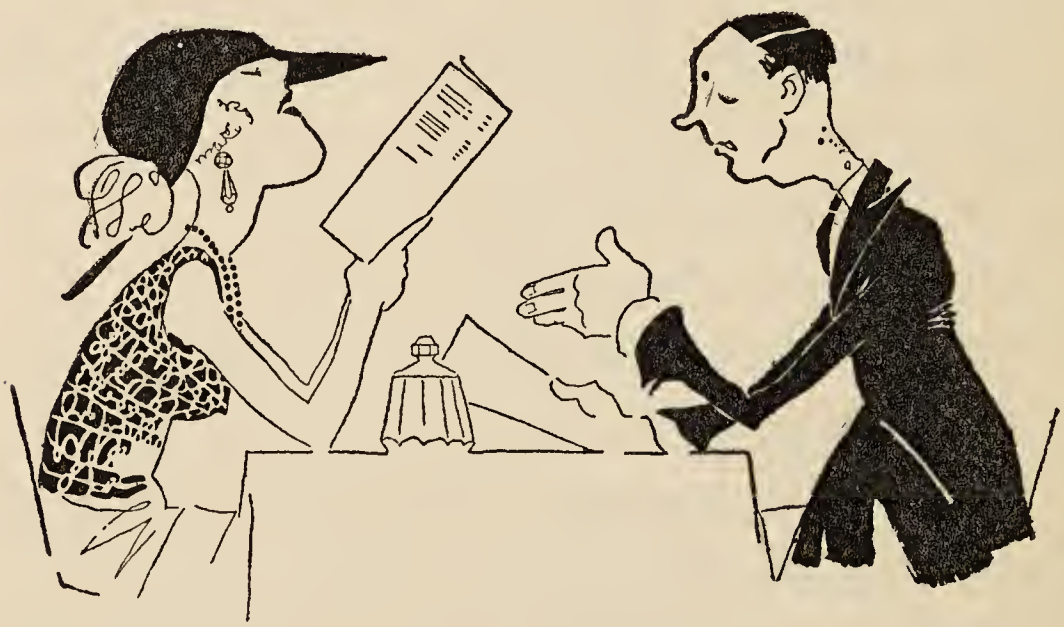
"Wellen whasis filly meeyongs? Irishstoo? Orisita sawsitch?"

"Aw Hon filly meeyong sFrench asumpin. Skinda sumpin all kinda fixedup with akinda saws."

"Yeah? Jevva eatenny?"

"Well Ihearda fella down attastaw tawkin about-em. He gottem atta banket. Honestthey aint Chink Hon."

"Yeah? Withatname? Filly meeyow itawtabe. Sounds lika cats. Whagazinta it?"



"Ainta rosbeef goodeer?"

"HowoodI know? Iyainta cook."

"Fgossakes ya danno whatsinnit? Tryinto persinme areya?"

"Acourse not. Schercefodda."

"Well Iyainteatin no Chink fodda withoutIknow wassinit. Faralla youknow yapoorfish itsfulla ratsa-cats."

"Saylissen. Imtryintatellya thisaintno Chink-chow. Chabeliemme?"

"Ishasaynot. Youdanno whatsinit doya? You danno fashure ittaintChink doya?"

"WellI gotta good ideah. . . ."

"Sewa button onit. You gotta goodideah butcha broka handil. No rats allameeyong falittle Elsie. Imahunner pacent Amurican with meyeats."

"Maybe yaright Hon. Idanno fashure iffittaint Chink afta all."

"Acoursits Chink. Iknowafella eatsome onst. Hekissesoff innanowa."

"Yeah innanowa?"

"Yeah. Wedawant nunnathat filly meeyong now-dowe Chawlie?"

"Nottifits Chink. Iguessnot. Say yougotta good-head Hon. Youawda—fatha twowuvvus."

"Awrite Chawlie whynt chasayso inna foist place. Hey fella . . . bringus acoupla awdas arosbeef."

Sox Vobiscum

It took me five minutes to distract the sales clerk from his hobby. This, so far as I could discern, was making his finger nails safe for democracy.

"Ah," he remarked casually, putting away his tools, "you wish something?"

"Now that you ask me," I replied, "I'd like a pair of woolen socks."

"Oh, yes—socks. Just a minute." He took out a book and began writing.

"Your autobiography, I presume," said I by way of showing my interest.

"Justaminnit," he iterated absently, and continued writing. Before long—before another five minutes were up, that is—he again acknowledged my presence. "Now, what was it you wanted?" he asked.

"Socks," I replied; "see—those things in the case in front of you."

"Oh, yes," he said. "What kind?"

"Woolen," I replied.

He reached behind him and brought forth a tray.

"Eight dollars," he remarked, "eight dollars a pair." And he yawned.

"Oh, no, not those," I explained. "I want a pair of plain black woolen socks—heavy, but plain."

"Oh, yes," he said. I wished he would stop saying it. "Heavy, plain, black. I don't think I have your size. Sorry. Did you want anything else?"

"I do," said I. "I want some shirts. White ones, with—"

"Certainly. Plain white shirts. I don't imagine I have your size. They're twelve dollars apiece.

"You wouldn't care to look at them, would you?" he added.

"I would, too," I replied indignantly.

The only possible specimen was soiled.

"Look," said I, "it's dirty."

"The shirt will wash, you know," he replied, pityingly, and tossed it aside. "Anything else?"

"Gloves," I said, nettled.

"Seven seventy-five; fur-lined; I really haven't your size."

"Collars?"

"All out of your size, I'm sure."

"Handkerchiefs?"

"Handkerchiefs? Now that's too bad. Not one in the store your si—"

"Yessir, yessir. Whatizit you want?"

"Enough!" I exclaimed. "Thank you so very much."

"Not at all," he answered, languidly.

On the way out, the little floor manager, or what not, bounced up to me.

"Yessir, yessir," he announced volubly. "Whattizit you want? What can I show you—shirts, gloves, collars, handkerchiefs, socks—?"

I glared at him with equal parts of contempt and scorn.

"Wh-what's the matter?" he asked.

"You're not my size," I replied coldly and passed through the gilded portals into the cleaner outside air.

Through Tara's Gambling Halls

PREPARATIONS are under way to make Ireland rival the South of France as a gambling center. "Casinos with gaming tables," we learn from the newspapers, "at the Irish resorts figure in the plans being drawn up for the approval of the Free State government."

At last, there will be a reason for the person who must call spades "spuds." Instead of being shot for doing it, as was formerly the pleasant custom, he will most likely be shot for not doing it. For the Free State will brook no trifling with its dignity. Indeed, the information comes on excellent authority that in order to impress the world in general, gambling in Ireland will not be according to Hoyle, but to Doyle, McCarthy and O'Brien.

With no little difficulty and great daring the following extracts of the Irish card rules have been secured from the Green and Orange Book of Ireland—a book now in secret preparation and one which, when published, will rank with the other highly col-

ored official books of the nations, *viz.*—the Blue Book of France, the White Book of England, the Yellow Book of Jugo-Slavia, the Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen, and The Sheik.

The Irish deck, according to the Green and Orange Book, will consist of fifty-two cards from the deuce to the ace, separated as widely as possible into four green suits—Spuds, Shamrocks, Emeralds and Shillelaghs. The Irish deuces will be wild. As will the treys, fours, fives and so on. Any Irish card will beat one of a red or black suit.

For the sake of proper decorum, Jacks will be known as Mikes. Knaves will be known as Lloyd George.

Kings will be known as Kelleys. The Kelleys have always been kings, and who has a better right?

Irish Queens will be Queens—God bless them!

The Joker will be known as George Bernard Shaw. This is no news.

Any player not an Irishman found with extra cards in his possession will be led out and shot.

Any pot under £25 will be known as a potheen.

No Englishman will be allowed to stand pat. He never could, anyhow.

Any one playing with an old-fashioned deck and referring to the King of Clubs as the K. of C. will be led out and shot.

The game itself will no longer be known as "poker," but as "pookie."

Extra rules have been added to the Irish game of Auction Bridge, which will be known officially as "Whisht." The bid—or the Bridget—will be allowed only in Gælic and the appended scoring system will apply

Shamrocks count 6
Emeralds " 7
Shillelaghs " 8
Spuds " 9
Na' Triuljna (No English) 10

Honors: same as in bridge except that three wallops in both hands and two in partner's count game and rubber. There are no penalties for revokes. The National Feeling must be preserved. Any one that can get away with a Sinn Feinesse may add fifty points to his honor score for each successful attempt. Attempts are made purely at player's own risk and no reparation will be allowed for loss of life or injury to clothing.

This makes a rather snappy variation of the familiar contest as the subsequent exhibition match will show. O'Z. dealt and bid *leuch ma bigreen* (two emeralds). O'A. (Free State) doubled his fist. O'Y. (Republican) redoubled his and took off his coat. Ginsberg (Unattached) then produced his flask and calmed things down. The bidding was closed and a new hand dealt all around. No hits, no runs.

Second Chukker. O'Z. stuttered a little and went bye-bye. O'A. bid three Shamrocks. O'Y. took out a six-shooter and bid four Spuds. Ginsberg passed out and O'Z. annexed his flask. O'Y. cocked his revolver and made a grand slam. Meeting adjourned 10:56 P.M., N.-N.E. winds prevailing. All reported a pleasant time.

Further schemes are being considered to include horse-racing, football, hurley, craps, cross-country running, trap-shooting and Mah Jongg in the national games of hazard of New Erin. These sports will fall under the jurisdiction of the Marquis of Queensberry, the A. O. H. and the Headquarters Detachment of the Loyal Irish Home Cavalry. Or your own broker.

The Silent Drama

A Sociological Sketch of Conflicting Passions

Scene: Two aisle seats in a moving-picture theater.

THE MAN: ——.

HIS FRIEND: ——.

(*A woman and her friend sit down in the aisle seats in front of the men.*)

THE WOMAN: ——.

HER FRIEND: ——.

(*The picture shows an interesting bit of geological research, the so-called "balancing-stone" of Poonjabi, India.*)

THE WOMAN (*tensely, as if imparting a secret*): Some day that's going to fall over.

THE MAN: Next Tuesday.

THE WOMAN (*turning around*): Young man, will you please confine your remarks to yourself?

THE MAN: Why, what did I say?

THE WOMAN: Oh, *I* heard you. You said, "Next Tuesday."

THE MAN: What if I did?

THE WOMAN: What if you did? *I* was looking at the picture. . . .

THE MAN: What picture?

THE WOMAN: The picture of the rock. . . .

THE MAN: What rock?

THE WOMAN: Oh, *you* know what I'm talking about. (*She turns to verify her statement. The picture has changed to "A Bit of the Mojave Desert."*)

THE MAN (*to his friend*): Why shouldn't I say, "Next Tuesday"?

THE WOMAN (*turning around again*): If you persist in annoying me I shall call the usher.

THE VOICES OF SEVERAL MOVIE FANS: Oh, shut up!

THE USHER: Here, wassa trouble?

THE WOMAN: This man has been annoying me.

THE USHER: Have you been annoyin' this lady?

THE WOMAN: Yes. He said, "Next Tuesday."

THE USHER: Well, why shouldn't he?

THE WOMAN: I was speaking to my friend about the rock. . . .

THE USHER: What rock?

THE WOMAN: The rock in the picture, of course. . . .

(*The picture now displays the glories of "Sunset in Mid-ocean."*)

THE USHER: Say, what tha—?

THE MAN (*confidentially*): Intoxicated. . . .

THE USHER (*with perfect comprehension*): Oh (*sniffing*), yeh, I *do* smell sumpin' jazzy. . . .

THE WOMAN: You fool! I've just been to the dentist's.

THE USHER: 'S all ri', mister. I'll put her out.

THE MAN: No, no. Just have her change her seat.

THE USHER: All ri'. (*He picks up her hat and parasol.*) Come on, lady.

THE WOMAN (*furiously, as she follows her hat and parasol*): Young man, *I'll* see you again!

THE MAN: Surely. How about next Tuesday?

CURTAIN.

Winding the Cuckoo Clock

Handy Intelligence Tests to Show Just Where You Get Off

I. OBEYING ORDERS

Do What It Says

1. Write out the alphabet backwards. If "n" comes before "m," erase what you have written and do it over again.

2. Cross out all the "c's" in the following sentence: "Jump up, John," said his wife pleasantly, "and bring me a doughnut and a glass of water."

3. Here are five squares: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐. In the first, do nothing; in the second, don't do anything at all; in the third and fourth, do what you did in the first, and in the fifth, use your own judgment.

4. If polygamy is invariably constitutionally unfeasible, circumscribe the word denoting the nature of the SIBERIAN WEASEL; if not, underscore that word that most accurately describes the process of preparing edible GAMBOGE:

Diplodocus, peripatetic, pulchritudinous, diapedesis, fritter, Columbus Circle.

II. PRACTICAL JUDGMENT

Mark the One You Like Best

1. What is the main purpose of lightning rods?

☐ To save the house from being struck more than once.

☐ To separate the thunder from the lightning.

☐ To catch in Santa Claus' trousers.

2. What should one do with a crying baby?

☐ Turn it off.

☐ Join in the chorus.

☐ Run it through the clothes wringer.

3. If the canary doesn't sing, it is because

☐ It has tonsilitis.

☐ It has been called out on strike.

☐ It needs a new needle.

4. Why does water freeze in winter?

☐ To oblige the ice companies.

☐ Because we all do.

☐ Because it refuses to wear heavy underclothing.

III. FLOW OF IDEAS

Fill in the missing words, making at least as much sense as you'd expect. If you don't know anything about fillings, see Lyon and Forhan on "The Proper Care of and Attention to the Teeth."

"So the .... man picked up a .... and hit his .... over the .... with it. "My ....!" she exclaimed, "what the .... do you think you are doing? Why .... you, anyhow, you ....! you ....! you ....! I'm going right home to my ....!"

IV. RANGE OF INFORMATION

Underline the word or phrase in the following assertions that will make each assertion end to your greatest satisfaction. It may not end to ours, but what, we ask you, of that?

The *"Moonlight Sonata"* is played with *rackets, pins, cards, dice.*

Mary Pickford is a famous *racehorse, vampire, breakfast food, steamboat.*

Chimneys are used in *lacrosse, vocal culture, manicuring, religion.*

"Cheese it" is a term used in *heraldry, billiards, fox hunting, architecture.*

Fur is obtained from *mines, quarries, elephants, bamboo trees.*

The number of feet on a *twelve-inch rule* is *three, five, seven, nine.*

Asbestos is the capital of *Greece, Armenia, Caucasia, Korea.*

In his own country a *prophet* is without *whiskers, alcohol, press agents, temptation.*

Aard Varks live on *from day to day, the fat of the land, mutual admiration, hot buttered cinnamon toast, Broadway and 187th Street.*

The *supporters* of *Senator Borah* are called *nincompoops, morons, misguided fanatics, E-Z grip.*

Hannibal crossing the Delaware on elephant back remarked *"Lafayette, we are here," "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes," "Men—the Century Club looks down upon us."*

The Boot Blacks' Friend

An Italian Language Guide Designed for Those Who Get Shined

What It Sounds Like	*What You Think It Means*	*What It Really Means*
Diciame que cosi no strabbacia no si?	Oh, look at this cheap pair of shoes!	How did you like the opera last night?
Terriblo!	Terrible!	Terrible!
Lavoca stretto campani poppo ma qua!	He's got feet like a pair of battleships.	That tenor had a voice like a fog-horn.
Mazeppa fronti nasi e pur spumoni!	Go on and spill some stain on his socks.	He must have been too full of spumoni.
Nelleza arcana gli o plentuttitutti cosa.	No, I won't! They're his only pair.	His phrasing was faulty. I could do better myself.
Nopuesto cantare asi, malo climato.	Look at the heels! They are all run down.	They can't sing over here. Punk climate.

What It Sounds Like	*What You Think It Means*	*What It Really Means*
E qua Mussolini?	You said it, Leo.	What about Mussolini?
Cippo guya!	Cheap guy.	Cheap guy.
Iosono ralissto minestrone.	I don't like his face at all.	I am a royalist myself.
Meparece quasi humido.	Looks like a baboon.	Looks like a little rain.
E doppo doppo por e mai!	Ah! The leather's splitting.	That will spoil business.
Me piace il uomo. Bono ragazz'.	Look at his big toe! I'll burn it with the rag.	Say, I like this fella. He's a good scout.
Na pasta fasoul scarpa mantre al' uzza.	That's the idea. I'll bust his laces for him.	I wish he wouldn't wiggle his feet.
Ma! Faccia un bono giobbo. Donata tipo.	Here — that's good enough. Let's quit.	Give him a good job; he'll tip us.
Shoo! Molto grande pastoburgese.	Sure! Best you can do with pasteboard.	Sure! He's a good old fella. You said it.

What It Sounds Like	*What You Think It Means*	*What It Really Means*
La fattacomplito servito! Alla ri', sir.	Curse him for a——! All right, sir!	There, that's done! All right, sir.
Ha! Diecisoldi per uno! Bon-suerte signor! Grazie! Addio!	Give us a nickel apiece, or I'll stick a knife into you! Get outa here!	Ha! Ten cents tip! Good luck. Thank you, gentleman. Good-bye.

"Terriblo!"

The Florist's Daughter

A Horribly Modern Drama, in Three Moving Tableaux

Tableau I: "Love Comes but Once—"

The Front of a Florist's Shop

The Florist's Daughter: Pansies for thoughts. Rosemary for remembrance. Sage for wisdom. Thyme for the postman. Is this he, I wonder?

The Young Man of No Distinction: No, it is not the postman. It is I. My name is William. I am a Young Man of No Particular Distinction.

The Florist's Daughter: What is it you wish, Young Man of No Particular Distinction? Lilies for purity? Carnations for the buttonhole? Roses for twenty dollars a dozen? Speak. I am a Florist's Daughter.

The Young Man of No Distinction: O Florist's Daughter! For weeks I have watched you tending the blossoms in your father's shop. Your lips are redder than the snowiest of snowdrops.

Your brow is fairer than the glorious browallia. Your eyes are deeper than the iris, and snap more

"We shall dwell in the valley with the lilies of the valley."

romantically than the snapdragon. O Florist's Daughter, I love you madly.

THE FLORIST'S DAUGHTER: You talk like a seed catalogue. I have never seen you before, Young

Man of No Particular Distinction, but (*shyly*) I like your suit.

The Young Man of No Distinction: You like my suit? It covers a heart that is choking for love of you. Fly with me. Not in an aeroplane, but in my lavender, twelve-cylinder roadster which is outside the door. We shall dwell in the valley with the lilies of the valley and in the mountain with the mountain laurel.

The Florist's Daughter: I am young and simple. I am a Florist's Daughter. I cannot resist your flowery language. I will fly with you. Wait for me in your lavender, twelve-cylinder roadster, which is outside the door.

The Young Man of No Distinction: I shall wait. (*Exit.*)

The Florist's Daughter: Sweet William! I go to pack my effects. Gilly-flowers for gillies. Cauliflowers for collies. (*Exit.*)

Tableau II: A Father's Anger

The Back of the Florist's Shop

The Irate and Impassioned Father: Asth-

matic and Ambitious Mother, I tell you our daughter has run away. I am furious. I see double. I am beside myself with rage.

THE ASTHMATIC AND AMBITIOUS MOTHER: Irate and Impassioned Father, be calm. The clothes of our daughter are not in her room. Neither are her toilet articles. Nor her traveling bag. Furthermore, I saw her but a scant hour ago, accompanied by a young man. She entered a lavender, twelve-cylinder roadster with him.

THE IRATE AND IMPASSIONED FATHER: Idiot! Why did you not stop her?

THE ASTHMATIC AND AMBITIOUS MOTHER: You know well, Irate and Impassioned Father, I have never been one to stand in the way of our daughter's pleasures.

THE IRATE AND IMPASSIONED FATHER: I have found a note which convinces me that she has run away. It is in our daughter's handwriting. (*Reads.*) "Dear Father, I have run away with a Young Man of No Particular Distinction. I love him greatly."

THE ASTHMATIC AND AMBITIOUS MOTHER: Oh, my poor child! I weep for her. Very likely the young man has no social standing whatever.

The Irate and Impassioned Father: As the father of my daughter, I feel it my duty to pursue them. I shall kill the young man with my hammerless revolver, and send our daughter to a convent. (*Exit.*)

The Asthmatic and Ambitious Mother: Oh, my poor child! She has run off in an automobile with a Young Man of No Particular Distinction. I trust she will remember her up-bringing and conduct herself in the manner of a gentlewoman.

Tableau III: A Woman's Wit

A Straight and Narrow Road, Flanked, on Both Sides, by an Impenetrable Forest

The Florist's Daughter: Young Man of No Particular Distinction, it is now three days and five nights that we have been riding in this, your lavender, twelve-cylinder roadster, while my father, whose daughter I am, pursues us.

The Young Man of No Distinction: Even now he is but a short distance behind us. At the end of this road, which, by the sign-post, is

sixty miles long, there stands a church. If we can reach it before your Irate and Impassioned Father overtakes us, I shall esteem it a great honor if you will consent to become my lawful wife.

THE FLORIST'S DAUGHTER: I love you deeply, Young Man of No Particular Distinction. But I am willing to become your lawful wife. In that way we shall deprive my Irate and Impassioned Father of the privilege of sending me to a convent and of killing you with his hammerless revolver.

THE YOUNG MAN OF NO DISTINCTION: Why are you so sure that those are his intentions?

THE FLORIST'S DAUGHTER: My woman's intuition tells me so.

THE YOUNG MAN OF NO DISTINCTION: I have great respect for a woman's intuition. I shall increase our speed. Great Heavens! The front tire has burst! But we have time to put on another. Let us hasten.

THE FLORIST'S DAUGHTER: Hasten and put on the new, white, extra tire which is part of the lavender roadster's equipment. What a dark and impenetrable forest surrounds us!

THE YOUNG MAN OF NO DISTINCTION: My heart

has stopped beating! I have looked in the tool box. I have no jack. Without a jack, I cannot change the tire. We are lost!

THE FLORIST'S DAUGHTER: The narrowness of the road makes it impossible for us to turn around. The forest is dark and impenetrable. Every minute my Irate and Impassioned Father is gaining upon us.

THE YOUNG MAN OF NO DISTINCTION: Already I seem to hear the approach of the bullets from his hammerless revolver.

THE FLORIST'S DAUGHTER: What can we do? Gladioli for gladness. Pussy-willows for pussy-cats. Blue-bells for blue bell boys. . . . Ah, I have an idea! I am going to leave you—but I shall come back! (*She disappears into the dark and impenetrable forest.*)

THE YOUNG MAN OF NO DISTINCTION: Without a jack I can do nothing. Something must be done. Let me try to raise the automobile with one hand while I replace the tire with the other. No, it is impossible. The Florist's Daughter, whom I love so madly, will shortly return from the forest and be imprisoned in a convent. I shall soon be dead; shot

by the hammerless revolver of her Irate and Impassioned Father.

THE FLORIST'S DAUGHTER (*returning*): See what I have brought you. A flower! A simple woodland flower! Through the trees of the impenetrable forest, the church, twelve miles away, is plainly visible. Our flight of three days and five nights is coming to an end. For all practical purposes we are married. Let us, at last, embrace.

THE YOUNG MAN OF NO DISTINCTION (*seeing the flower in her hand*): We are saved! Oh, my beloved, what intelligence! What perspicacity! We are saved! (*He takes the flower from her hand.*) It is a Jack-in-the-Pulpit. (*He removes the jack from the pulpit, and with it jacks up the front of the car. It is but the work of an instant to put on the spare wheel and the extra tire. They enter the lavender roadster and continue their nuptial flight.*)

CURTAIN.

Kindly Omit Flowers

Anti-Pashto

A Suggestion for a Modern Italian Opera Bouffe

(In the interest of health and morals, kissing in public in Rome has been forbidden.)

ACTS 1–45

Scene: A bench in a public square, Rome. Luigi and Rosa are discovered.

LUIGI (*with the aid of his chitarro*):

Ha Rosee, ha Rosee,
You da sweeta, hotstuffa babee . . .

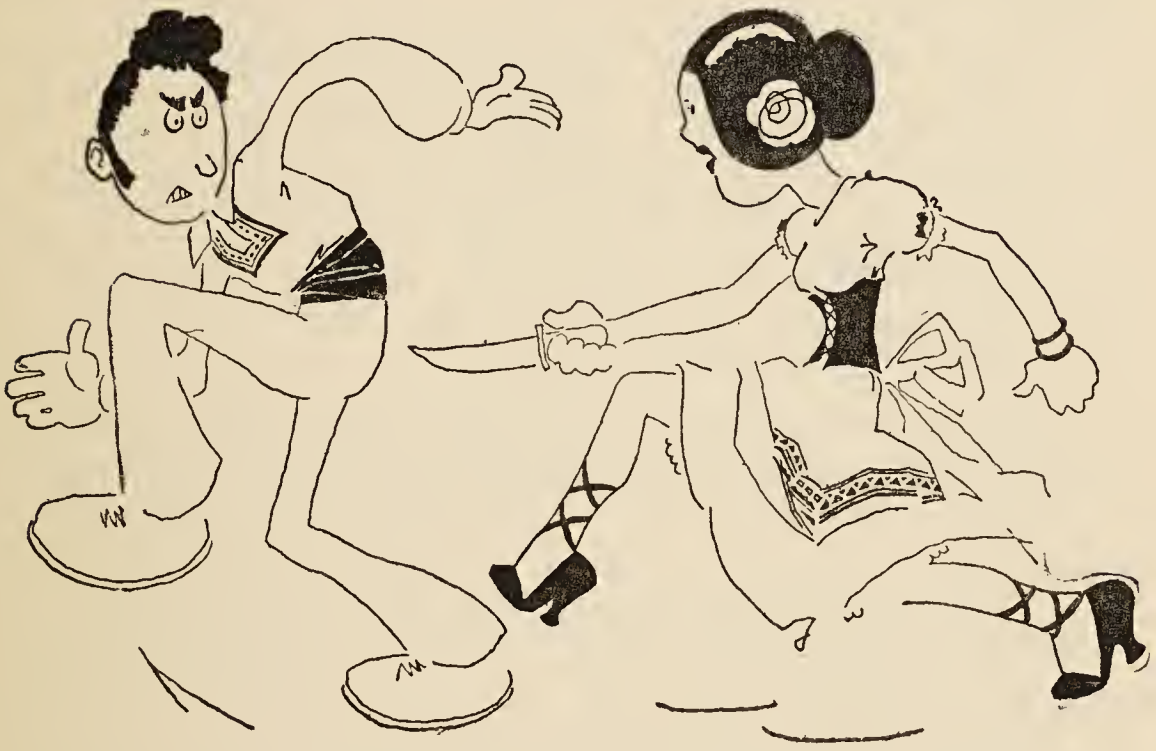
(*Passionately.*) Kees me! Kees me! Sweet biscuit, I loave you!

ROSA: No! No! Nix! Cuttem out!

LUIGI: Watsa mat? Doncha lika da Luigi nommo? Keesa da pappa!

ROSA (*fending him off*): Hi hamma true to my Tonee. Hi nevva keesa you. Gerrouta here, skabootch!

LUIGI: My hearta hees boosta weeth loave fa you. Hi feela hit hin da toes, heen da nose, heen da shoes, hi got da blues . . .



"Gerrouta here!"

ROSA: You got da blues . . .

LUIGI: I got da blues . . . (*Enter chorus of Contadini, Banditti, Gondolieri and Fascisti.*)

CHORUS: He's gotta corpodiBacco Rosie bloo-hoo-hoos. (*Chorus exit.*)

ROSA: Don getta fresh weeth me, hi pulla da knife.

LUIGI: Whan leetla kees, whan leetla smile . . .

ROSA (*struggling*): No! No! You hara da beega bum. (*Reënter chorus.*)

CHORUS: Heesa bum, heesa bum, heesa greata beega bum . . .

ROSA AND LUIGI: Bum diddley um bum . . .

ALL: Bum! Bum! (*Exit chorus.*)

LUIGI: Can hi nevva hope to weena you, Rosa?

ROSA: Nevva!

LUIGI: Wat, nevva?

ROSA: No! Ha, hi foola you thata time. Gerrouta here! (*She draws knife and chases Luigi off stage.*)

LUIGI (*from the wings*): Hi go—but hi come back! (*Reënter chorus.*)

CHORUS: Datsa da curse hof da ha-a-a-kink heart!

Curtain

ACTS 46–187

Scene: Another public square. Rosa and Tony.

TONY (*singing with his mandolino*):

Ha Rosee, ha Rosee,
You da sweeta, hotstuffa babee . . .

Ma! Thees fa you! (*Smack.*) Thees fa da leetla seesta! (*Smack.*)

Rosa (*returning her chosen one's kisses with ardor*): Hotta dogs! Heesa shick! Heesa shick! Datsa my man!

Tony: Bebee . . . Wow! (*While they embrace rapturously, enter Luigi with Guarde Civile*).

Luigi (*dramatically*): Harrest those man and woman!

Guarde: Hey, cuttem out! Hi maka da peench! No maka da loave.

Tony: Hey watsa mat? We minda da beesnees. Gerroutahere!

Guarde: Nothin' doon. No maka da kees in publico. Notsa good fa da healt' and da moralis. Hits against da loh! Hi taka you bot' to da boobish hatch!

Rosa: No! No! I weel not go to da boobish hatch.

Guarde and Luigi: Yes! Yes! You musta go to da boobish hatch.

Rosa and Tony: No! No!

Guarde and Luigi: Yes! Yes!

ROSA: No! No! Weel no one sava me from da boobish hatch?

TONY: Yes! Yes! Please sava her. She hees a horphan chile!

GUARDE: No! No! You moosta go. No one weel sava you!

CHORUS (*off stage*): Yes! Yes! We weel sava her! (*Enter chorus dragging portable house on wheels.*) Heen you go, hoopsie-daisy! Now nommo you maka da loave in publico. (*To the discomfiture of Luigi, Rosa and Tony enter the little house, safe from the law's clutching fingers.*)

GUARDE: Hey, you maka da jake-hass houta me? Hi guess not! I gotta maka da peench hor hi loosa da job. Ha! I peencha Luigi fa da beega noosance!

ALL: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! He peencha Luigi! (*Grand finale. In the window of the house Tony and Rosa embrace feverishly, the Guarde Civile handcuffs Luigi and drags him away, the chorus group themselves about the house and throw paper roses.*)

CHORUS: Ha Rosee, Ha Tonee,
Please accepta thees housa from we.
By civil decree,

Monkey-beesnees in public's N.G.
Ha Rosee, Ha Tonee,
Right away you weel getta maree . . .
Pretty soon have a beeg familee . . .

ALL (*waving the flags of the allied nations*): Ha Rosee, Ha Tonee!

CURTAIN.

Wicked Walter

A Good Little Story for Bad Little Children

WHENEVER they punished Walter you could be sure that he had been acting unkindly toward animals. It was a family taint. On his mother's side he had descended from aristocrats, while his father's brother had once been a subway guard. Perhaps Walter did not mean to be inconsiderate and hurt the poor kitties and doggies by pulling their tails, but it is a law of nature that a tail, pulled sufficiently hard, hurts. And Walter could never resist long, wavy tails. Besides, ever since Walter could remember he knew that eyes were made to see and a nose was made to smell, and it naturally followed that a tail was made to pull. It was like the handle on a cup, said Walter, or on a saucepan. You picked up a cup or a saucepan by the handle and you picked up anything with a tail by the tail. That is, you did if nobody saw you. And you derived great comfort from so doing, even if the animal did not.

Walter was never very successful in persuading his family that he had inadvertently stumbled across a great truth. Perhaps it was because he was too young. His parents discouraged his attempts whenever they met with them and called Walter bad and wicked and naughty, and punished him. Which, you will probably say, was only what he justly deserved. Throughout the ages all radicals have been properly disciplined.

A circus came to Water's town and Walter asked to be taken to see it. And as he had been very good and not pulled any tails for a long time, or at least nobody had seen him pull any tails, his mamma and papa said they would take him. It was not a very big circus nor a very grand one, but Walter did not know that.

After the performance Walter and his mamma and papa went to see the poor, wild animals. In the rush to see the poor tiger fed, Walter became separated from his mamma and papa and went off by himself. Owing to his aristocratic taint he had an inborn dislike for crowds, Walter had, and instead of going to the front of the cage where everybody had collected, he went around to the back.

And there Walter met the greatest temptation that had ever tempted him. From the back of the cage, for the cage was rather a small one, the tiger's tail was hanging down within easy reach of Walter's grasp.

It was a lovely tail, Walter thought. It was long and striped and thick. You could pull it with *both* hands—such a good pull. And Walter wrestled with temptation as many a better boy had done before him. He really wanted to do right. He had been taken to this very circus for being good. But never had he seen such a pullable tail. Just once, Walter thought, and then perhaps he would never pull a tail again.

In front the crowd was waiting to see the poor tiger fed. The keeper opened the door of the cage and put in a big piece of raw, red meat. But when he tried to shut the door on the poor tiger, the door stuck, for it was old and rusty. The poor tiger had been waiting nineteen years for this very opportunity. With a fearful howl he sprang for the opening. Walter's mamma and papa turned very white and pale.

This very moment was the very moment that

Walter chose to be superior to temptation and behaved as he wished to. He seized the poor tiger's long, striped tail in both hands and gave it, oh, such a pull! The poor tiger was quite surprised and

He gave it, oh, such a pull!

howled awfully and cracked his long tail like a whip. That made Walter let go and gave him an unexpected pleasure trip several feet through the air. But the moment of distraction was enough to permit the keeper to shut the door upon the poor tiger

who would probably have to wait another nineteen years or possibly twenty for a like chance of escape.

Walter's papa picked him up unhurt and when the crowd understood what had happened it cheered. By pulling the tiger's tail at that particular moment Walter had saved everybody's life.

"Walter," said Walter's mamma, "you are a hero."

"What's a hero?" asked Walter.

"A hero," said Walter's mamma, "is a very, very brave, good boy."

"Oh, no," said Walter, who always tried to remember what he had been told. "I pulled the poor tiger's tail. That is acting unkindly toward animals. I am a wicked, naughty, bad boy."

And so he was—or wasn't he?

Nettie and the Chewing Gum

Another Good Little Story for Bad Little Children

NETTIE was very fond of chewing gum. She thought it was even better than rice pudding. If any one gave her a penny, or two pennies, or a five-cent nickel piece, Nettie was sure to buy chewing gum with it. It was a good investment, Nettie thought. Not only did the chewing gum taste good, but it lasted a long, long time. And when you were tired of chewing it, you could do other things with it. And when you were tired of doing other things with it, you could chew it again. Its possibilities were inexhaustible. Best of all, it was pliant and yielding, a fitting and practical medium through which to give your imagination untrammeled play.

Nettie's mother was not as fond of chewing gum as Nettie was. She did not like Nettie to have any, or, having any, to make use of it. It wasn't proper for little girls to chew gum, Nettie's mother said. Chewing gum was every bit as bad as biting your

nails or screaming when nurse washed the inside of your ears.

"Was it as bad as creeping up behind grandpa when he was sleeping and shouting 'boo'?" asked Nettie.

"It was much, much worse," said Nettie's mother. It broke mother's heart to find her daughter chewing gum. It broke mother's heart to find any chewing gum in Nettie's possession.

She must have broken her mother's heart many times, Nettie inferred. But perhaps a broken heart was not as serious as a broken neck. When you broke your neck you died dead, like the poor little guinea pig that fell out of the bathroom window and broke his. And then you went to heaven and nobody saw you any more. And even with her broken heart, mother hadn't died dea . . . but that was too terrible a thought!

One slippery day, Nettie was out in the street with some chewing gum. When Nettie saw her mother coming she quickly disposed of the chewing gum by throwing it away.

"Nettie," said Nettie's mother, "did you have chewing gum?"

"Yes, mother," said Nettie, as she did not see any use in telling an untruth.

Wondered whether it was better to break her mother's heart or let her break her neck.

"Dear, dear!" said Nettie's mother. "How very naughty. I see you are determined to break mother's—"

Nettie's eyes closed fast and she prayed quickly. Her mother had slipped upon the icy street. Something terrible was going to happen. She was going to break her neck, like the poor guinea pig.

Nettie opened her eyes and gulped. Nothing had happened. In sliding, Nettie's mother's foot had come to rest upon Nettie's discarded chewing gum and Nettie's mother had kept her balance.

"—break mother's heart," finished Nettie's mother. "Now you will have to come home and be punished."

Obediently, Nettie went home with her mother to be punished. But as she went, she wondered whether it was better to have chewing gum and break her mother's heart or not to have chewing gum and let her mother break her neck.

FINIS

NOTE: *The author reserves the right to exclude all translations into foreign tongues, including the beef.*